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EDITORIAL

BURIED HISTORY

At a time when some on the left speak of Cold War II, we should remind ourselves that the full history of Cold War I has yet to emerge. Lacking an understanding of the past, we are doomed to repeat the mistakes of the first cold war. (*Vide* Alan Wolfe's discussion of Pentagon nostalgia for 1950s nuclear superiority across the page.)

Fittingly, this issue of *The Nation* appears on the eve of the annual gathering of the Organization of American Historians in San Francisco. We commend to them the cold-war scholarship of Prof. Sigmund Diamond on page 423. Diamond's excavations into F.B.I. files through the Freedom of Information Act (which also unearthed the hilarious J. Edgar Hoover letter on page 421) limns the Bureau's intrusive presence on the Yale campus in the late 1940s, and provides, *en passant*, an amusing glimpse of the efforts of a Yale undergraduate named William F. Buckley Jr. to curry favor with the Director.

Professor Diamond's account, based as it is on censored F.B.I. documents, cannot pretend to give the full story, yet it does strongly suggest Bureau meddling with academic freedom. More central to the current foreign policy imbroglio between the United States and Iran would be the information buried in C.I.A. files on its 1953 intervention that restored the Shah to his throne, the subject of Kermit Roosevelt's *Countercoup*, reviewed by Thomas Powers on page 437. Even Roosevelt's upbeat, Rover Boy view of the coup was withdrawn by its publishers, a conglomerate, under pressure from a British oil conglomerate. Given the crucial role of the C.I.A. in American policy, it becomes vital that current efforts to exempt it from the F.O.I.A. be defeated. As Kirkpatrick Sale, vice president of P.E.N., recently testified: "To remove [from the F.O.I.A.] this particular agency . . . would be tantamount to denying our people their own history."

GOD AND THE F.B.I. AT YALE
Sigmund Diamond

BUNDY AT N.Y.U.
Richard J. Walton

ANOTHER WAY
Sidney Lens

CAMBODIAN CROSSROADS
Anthony Barnett

BIG OIL PLAYS IT AGAIN
Fred J. Cook

'COUNTERCOUP'
Thomas Powers

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FIRST-STRIKE STRATEGY

THE ABM—THE END OF DETERRENCE

ALAN WOLFE

On March 24, Richard Burt reported in *The New York Times* that the Pentagon was considering the revival of an antiballistic missile program. If carried out, such a step would bring the world closer to the possibility of nuclear war than any act contemplated by either the United States or the Soviet Union since the decision to develop the hydrogen bomb. Indeed, the mere publication of a trial balloon about the ABM is an act of such frightening irresponsibility that the "unnamed senior Defense Department official" who was the source of Burt's story should be exiled, preferably to Siberia. (One might note that "senior official" is often code language for the Secretary of the department in question.)

In order to understand the folly of a reconsideration of the ABM, it is necessary to enter for a moment into the abstract world of strategic theory. So long as the United States had a monopoly of nuclear weapons, little in the way of strategic theory was required; one simply used, or threatened to use, one's rockets. But when the Russians developed the capacity to reach the United States with their own, the world was no longer so simple. As each side contemplated the damage it could inflict on the other, the theory of deterrence was slowly developed. In brief, this theory held that one should use one's nuclear weapons only for the purpose of preventing the other side from using its. Each side had to accept the theoretical possibility that it could be destroyed in order to convince the other side not to destroy it. Under deterrence, each side said to the other: look, we are exposed to your weapons but you are also ex-

(Continued on Page 434)

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LETTERS.

ELMAN AND FUCHS

Stony Brook, N.Y.

I am puzzled by Daniel Fuchs's anger [letter, *The Nation*, March 22]. I thought my review ["Dr. Fuchs's Hollywood Brother," *The Nation*, Jan. 26] sympathetic, and supportive, especially about his brother. I don't see why you print such letters without giving the reviewer a chance to reply. I feel reproached by *The Nation*, as well as Fuchs. But for what? I think I said I liked some of his writing better than I liked other things. I also said he had been exploited by the New York City school system and went to Hollywood. I think also *The New Yorker* has published more than its share of hack writers. Just having to be humorous and sophisticated every week leads to a kind of hackery.

I'm sorry if I displeased Fuchs. My job was to give a sense of his book, and career. *Richard Elman*

New York City

Daniel Fuchs may feel that Richard Elman is an "affliction" and that he has "made filth" in the course of his review of Fuchs's book, but I hope the point will not be lost that Elman's review was in good part a defense of Fuchs's book against the mechanical criticism that it received elsewhere. Elman's literary criticism often displays an intuitiveness or openness to emotional response that is quite distinctive, quite risky and in my view quite valuable; naturally it provokes strong reactions. *Paul L. Berman*

JUSTICE DOESN'T CONDONE

Washington

The February 9, 1980, issue of *The Nation* carried an article by Ed McConville entitled "Dirty Tricks Down South" describing the apparent cooperation between business corporations and local officials in spying on labor union organizing activities. The article noted that the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (L.E.A.A.) funded the computerized National Law Enforcement Telecommunications System (N.L.E.T.S.) which "enables Milledgeville [Georgia] police to exchange information with Federal, state and local law enforcement agencies all over the country." That is, indeed, what N.L.E.T.S. was intended to do. However, any inference that L.E.A.A. thereby condones "spying" on a labor union or any other type of legally established organization is absolutely unjustified. L.E.A.A. and the Office of Justice Assistance, Research, and Statistics, which coordinates L.E.A.A. activities, want the readers of *The Nation* to know that the Department of Justice cannot control the message traffic on the telecommunications network, but it certainly does not approve any misuse. *Malcolm Barr*
Director of Public Information
U.S. Department of Justice

ATTESTS TO VALIDITY

New York City

Neil Postman's article, "The Metaphor in the Machine" [*The Nation*, Jan. 19], may be caution's last, brief signaling to the obdurate in their dark chambers of indoctrination.

As a person who has had the opportunity of living for years in a part of the world (South America) where electronic media are not yet omnipresent, who has worked there in the production of "content" for television news shows and has now returned to the United States to witness the effects of television on the populace, I can attest to the validity of Postman's admonitions.

Television, certainly insofar as news shows are concerned, does not provide to its audience a useful understanding of society and conflict; what little information is contained in its inconsequential anecdotes is abrogated by the pervasive lies of omission. What TV news-show watching does produce is the socially disruptive deception that the viewer is in contact with other societies and has knowledge of their problems and, more insidiously, is nevertheless not affected.

If one sees, not reads about or hears about but actually sees, other persons, far off and suffering a human plight, yet does not have to react, does not even have to express an opinion or discuss what is seen with another human being, in the protected cloister of the viewing chamber, then what is being produced is the acute conviction that one need not be, in fact is not, affected. This is the metaphor of television, in none of its other functions so effective as in news programs, and it is as profoundly dangerous for viewers (whose well-being depends, after all, on social integration) as it is useful to promoters.

Postman has also had the insight to correlate television with dreams. If, as some psychologists have suggested, dreams are motivational paths toward conscious action as well as analogues of it, might it be that television viewing becomes a dream surrogate, forming links between the subconscious and conscious which propel actions? Not an altogether new idea, but still sobering.

As for Postman's astonishment at the total lack of critical analysis by so-called media critics, I see no cause for wonder. Television critics spend their time watching television and therefore, rather than investigators of its effects, would make the best subjects for study. *Michael Sondow*

CRISIS IN CENTRAL ASIA

A Symposium Sponsored by The Nation, WBAI Radio and the New School for Social Research

Saturday April 19, 1980 10:00 AM
Wollman Hall
New School for Social Research
66 West 12th Street
New York City

Participants: Edward Said, Ambassador Herman Eilts, Ramsey Clark, Peter Iseman, Frances FitzGerald, James Chace, Alan Wolfe, Selig Harrison, Senator James Abourezk, Joe Stork, Lawrence Lifschultz, Jack Blum, Aijaz Ahmed, David Frompkin, Thomas Ricks, Samih Farsoun, Elaine Baly, Blair Clark, Mangol Bayat.

DETAILS NEXT WEEK.

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EDITORIALS.

Who's Sorry Now?

Duplicity has stalked the Carter Administration's handling of the Iranian hostage crisis from Day One. When the embassy was stormed in November, Carter's spokesman stated that the Shah was admitted to this country only because the deposed dictator could not receive suitable medical treatment anywhere but in New York City. And then a specialist was flown in from Canada to attend the Shah in his New York Hospital suite. Americans were told the Shah was on his deathbed—and that the decision to admit him was a humanitarian gesture. Next, the militants in the embassy released a little-publicized State Department document written in August 1979—a full three months before the hostage-taking and long before the Shah's cancerous condition was even known to Washington officials—that presented the Administration's master plan on how to prepare for the Shah's arrival. The memorandum —dated August 2, 1979—made it clear that the Administration had already decided to succumb to "the intense pressures for the Shah to come here" and asked a relevant question: "What arrangements should we make for embassy personnel to provide protection?"

Needless to say, the "arrangements" made fell far short of protecting the embassy personnel or providing the President with political options that might have averted the crisis. And once the hostages were taken, the President's only response was to engage in the politics of bombast. The tough rhetoric played well in Wisconsin, even if it did nothing to assuage the long-standing grievances of the Iranians.

Now Carter has begun to harvest the seeds of a credibility gap planted by his own incompetency. On March 29 the electorate was subjected to the spectacle of the President's press secretary, Jody Powell, standing before a Carter for President banner on national television and flatly denying that any kind of conciliatory message had been passed to the

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Ayatollah Khomeini. The next day it was reported that some kind of message had indeed been passed to the Iranians through Swiss diplomatic emissaries.

The alleged "conciliatory" letter, which was published in full by *The New York Times*, was in our opinion exactly the kind of message that should have been conveyed to Khomeini a long time ago. We don't know what Jimmy Carter is up to, but we fear he doesn't know either.

Another Way

President Carter's reaction to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was to heighten world tensions. The Russians certainly deserve to be castigated for invading Afghanistan, but President Carter's escalation of tensions is not only useless but counterproductive. Short of World War III and the almost certain annihilation of the human race, there is nothing Washington can do to dislodge Soviet troops from an area so close to home. The huffing and puffing that comes out of the White House accomplishes nothing except to let off a little political steam.

If the present Administration really wants to get the Russians out of Afghanistan perhaps it ought to give up the tack of escalation, in favor of a plan for *de*-escalation. That does not mean turning the other cheek; it means offering a plan that will favor both sides. Suppose, for instance, that Mr. Carter offered the Russians the following deal:

(*1*) You get out of Afghanistan immediately.

(*2*) We will indefinitely postpone deploying the 572 Pershing and cruise missiles scheduled to be placed in Western Europe next year.

We can already hear the hawks' cry: "They'll be getting far more out of this deal than we will." But that argument is not convincing. The President has said that the invasion of Afghanistan is the worst crisis since World War II. Isn't ending that "worst crisis" worth a major concession on the part of the United States? And what does Washington really lose by not placing those devilish weapons in Western Europe? Absolutely nothing! The United States can destroy the Soviet Union at least thirty times over just by dispatching missiles from the United States itself. The only value of the Pershings and cruises would be that the Russians probably would aim more of their own missiles against those new silos in Europe. In the end, however, nothing would change: all the threats, embargoes and Olympic boycotts cannot alter the basic fact that neither side can win a world war.

For those who have an ingrained fear of de-escalation, one might recall that in April 1958 Nikita Khrushchev announced a unilateral cessation of nuclear tests and urged President Eisenhower to join the Russian initiative. Though Washington demurred for some months, public opinion brought about American participation in the test ban before the year was out, and in 1963 the two nations signed a partial test ban treaty.

We are treading perilous waters these days. There is too much loose talk of wars, "little wars" to be sure, but wars that can very well move on to the holocaust that World War III is certain to be. What the world needs is softer talk, and unilateral initiatives to de-escalate tensions, not raise them.

SIDNEY LENS

Sidney Lens is a contributing editor of The Progressive. *His latest book is* The Day Before Doomsday *(Doubleday).*

Opposing Indira

When parliamentary elections were announced last fall, India's leading industrialists rallied round Indira Gandhi and her son Sanjay, providing them with an estimated 550 million to 600 million rupees ($71.5 million to $78 million) to finance their party's election. (The same contributors gave 290 million rupees in the 1977 election and 150 million in 1971.)

This bountiful election chest coupled with Indira Gandhi's inexhaustible energy—which carried her through a rugged schedule of twenty-five public rallies daily for sixty-three days, nonstop—made a formidable combination. Neither of her opponents, Jagjivan Ram and Charan Singh, could match Mrs. Gandhi's vigor or financial resources. Ram's election campaign was funded by traders and middle-level businessmen, and Singh's by medium-scale landlords. None of these groups, singly or in concert, has anywhere near the economic power of the big industrialists, who are the financial backbone of the Indira National Congress Party.

In return for big business's unqualified backing, Indira Gandhi dropped her past criticism of growing concentrations of private capital. "We have to industrialize India, and for that we have to depend on the industrialists," she said. "Therefore it is inevitable that they would become richer." Her benign attitude toward indigenous capitalists sits easily with her less than critical view of multinational corporations. She now says, "The question is whether they are going to influence our economy against the national interest or not." Since the task of defining the "national interest" would be performed by Indira Gandhi's "kitchen cabinet"—in which son Sanjay figures prominently—the various multinationals connected with Sanjay's companies will quite likely be found to be "good" multinationals.

Now that Indira and Sanjay have created a party in their own image and carried it to power, they should feel confident about translating their ideals into reality. But they face a major hurdle. Their party lacks a majority in the Upper House. This shortcoming was driven home when the anti-Congress forces recently joined hands to reject by 80 votes to 75 the President's inaugural speech outlining the Government's legislative plans.

However, with the help of a dozen members of the Tamil parties, the Government managed to get the Prevention of Blackmarketing and Maintenance of Essential Supplies Bill through the Upper House. Unimpressed by the populist-sounding title of the law, the Marxist-Communist-led government of West Bengal refused to implement it, since it contains a provision for preventive detention. That clause smacked too much of the Emergency, said the state's chief minister, Jyoti Basu.

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As the prime victims of Indira Gandhi's repressive policies during the Emergency, the Marxist-Communists are determined to cut off at its inception any drift toward authoritarianism by the Gandhi government. The difference between the last time and this time is that the Marxist-Communists have proved that they enjoy massive popular support in the states of West Bengal, Tripura and Kerala. The coalition they headed won handsomely in the June 1977 state assembly elections in West Bengal. It repeated the performance in last January's parliamentary runoff, taking 37 of the 41 seats. Farther south, in Kerala, the Marxist-led alliance conceded only 5 of the 20 parliamentary constituencies to the Indira Congress Party, and only 41 of the 140 state assembly seats.

In the five parliamentary by-elections on February 24, the only seat to be won by the anti-Gandhi forces was that gained by the Marxist-Communists in West Bengal. That raised the total of seats held by the Communist Party of India (Marxist), the Communist Party of India and other leftist groups to 58: higher than either the Lok Dal or the Janata parties, which hold 41 and 31, respectively.

For the first time since the split in the Communist movement in 1964, the two Communist parties cooperated with each other in contesting the parliamentary and state elections. However, this has not rectified their major weakness—the lack of a popular base in the Hindi-speaking heartland of India. Political domination for these northern states is divided up among the Indira Congress Party, the Janata and the Lok Dal.

Opposed to the authoritarianism of Indira Gandhi and the obscurantist communalism of the Jana Sangh-dominated Janata Party, the two Communist parties opted for cooperation with the Lok Dal, which draws its strength mainly from peasant small holders. This tactic paid off, insofar as the C.P.I. won 4 of the 17 parliamentary seats it contested in Bihar—a major breakthrough. All signs suggest that the Communists will cooperate in forging a united anti-Gandhi front to contest the assembly elections in the nine states, which are likely to be held in June.

Both the Communist and non-Communist opponents of Mrs. Gandhi are agreed that under the guise of providing a "strong government" for the country, she is determined to create a centralized state in India. "Viewed historically, centralization of authority in the country has generally meant increased repression," the liberal *Economic and Political Weekly* of Bombay recently observed.

The chances of repression are all the greater in view of the promises of a better economic deal for the masses that are likely to go unfulfilled. When the Janata controlled the Government, such disillusionment became the occasion "for mutual recrimination and abuse within the ruling party," says Arun Shourie, a member of the National Executive of Citizens for Democracy. "This time it will be the occasion of threats and reminders to the people of what the regime is capable of doing." There is thus ample reason to be apprehensive about the future of democracy in India. DILIP HIRO

Dilip Hiro is a London-based writer and journalist. His most recent book is Inside India Today *(Monthly Review Press).*

CRYPTO-ECUMENIST

Two letters that have recently become available under the Freedom of Information Act provide an inspiring, if fitful, glimpse into a matter of higher morality that preoccupied the F.B.I. chain of command in an earlier time. They reveal that J. Edgar Hoover was a premature ecumenist.

The first letter, typed on the stationery of the University of Denver, is dated October 6, 1953:

Dear Mr. Hoover:

I recently saw a copy of the *Boston University Campus* which contained an excellent statement written by you entitled "Communism and the College Student." I understand that it may be reprinted without permission and we should like to do so.

However, I would like to get your reaction to a small change. In the sixth paragraph you say, "Communism is the antithesis of Christianity." The last sentence in this paragraph advises the student, "You can be Christian." We have many Jewish students on this campus. Would you object to re-wording it, "Communism is the antithesis of Judo-Christian [*sic*] religion," and "You can be a devout member of your church."

I know you will forgive the presumption contained in this suggestion. I happen to be a member of a Christian group but it is somewhat unrealistic to advise Jewish students to combat Communism by becoming Christians.

Several members of this staff have read this statement and we regard it as the most useful and sincere short piece we know on this subject.

Respectfully yours,
[name deleted]
School of Education

On October 14, 1953, J. Edgar Hoover replied:

Dear [name deleted]:

I deeply appreciate the interest which prompted your writing me on October 6, 1953, concerning my article "Communism and the College Student."

Please be assured that I have no objection whatsoever to your changing my article as set forth in your letter. Communism is, of course, the antithesis of both the Jewish and Christian religions.

Your generous remarks concerning my statement are highly gratifying.

Sincerely yours,
J. Edgar Hoover

Typed at the bottom of this file copy of the letter to Hoover's correspondent is the following:

NOTE: It is not believed to be necessary to refer correspondent to the Editors of the Boston University "Campus" for permission to reprint this article or to bring to the Editors' attention the suggested change. This article was sent originally to a college student and it is not known, in fact, whether or not he is still a student at Boston University.

It seems desirable to grant permission to modify the Director's article as Walther suggests.

The letter contained ten separate sets of initials and the F.B.I. file number of the University of Denver. This letter was the thirty-fourth item in the file.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

A new gospel is rapidly winning converts in California: the tax-avoidance gospel. Its propagators believe that they have finally found a tax loophole for the middle class. The movement began with the Universal Life Church (U.L.C.), which has its headquarters in Modesto, California. The tenet of the church is simple: "Do that which is right." There are variations, some complex, in the U.L.C.'s tax-avoidance plan but basically it works like this: three individuals constitute themselves as a church and seek a charter from the U.L.C.; one serves as pastor, one as secretary and one as treasurer. The "pastor" then opens a church checking account to which he donates up to half of his income. His charitable contribution usually places him in a lower tax bracket.

In Southern California an organization known as TEA: An Association of American Patriots, named in honor of the successful Boston Tea Party protest of 1773, instructs individuals how to proceed, that is, how to be ordained as mail-order ministers presiding over mail-chartered churches. Nowadays TEA holds weekly introductory meetings in Orange, Los Angeles, Claremont, Riverside, Tarzana and Goleta. They offer two basic plans. Under the first, applicants pay $25 for documents, provided by the U.L.C., which allow them to perform marriage ceremonies and other religious rites. The charter itself costs $20 and there is a monthly $2 fee for bookkeeping. A second way is for individuals to unite with the U.L.C. through TEA, a procedure that requires an initial donation of $1,250 and provides individual guidance and personalized church bylaws. An additional $23 a month entitles the new pastor to attend ongoing workshops, to ask for more aid and to be represented by legal counsel should the Internal Revenue Service demand an audit. TEA considers their pastors to be "ministering" twenty-four hours a day, that is, helping and counseling their children, spouses, friends, colleagues—as aren't we all? Just about anyone qualifies for ordination. TEA suggests that the pastor's church should provide him a parsonage (housing) allowance, transportation allowance, medical and dental allowance and missionary (general travel) allowance. Remaining church funds should be invested in church-owned property. At the end of 1979, about 100 individuals a month were signing up (see the fine report by Beth Ann Krier that appeared in *The Los Angeles Times*, March 13).

In 1974, the U.L.C. won a judgment from U.S. District Court Judge James F. Battin that under the First Amendment the courts will not consider the merits or fallacies of a religion. The decision was not appealed. One variant of the plan offered by TEA is for the individual to take a "vow of poverty," assign 100 percent of his income to the church and claim no income for himself; the church then supplies all his worldly needs. It should be noted that the officials of TEA are not so much concerned about taxes on property—Howard Jarvis and Proposition 13 have provided substantial relief on that score—but with the progressive income tax. If that can be reduced, it would help them spread the gospel of doing right by others. Eventually, of course, the I.R.S. will be forced to move in and test the legal validity of these schemes. But with a born-again Christian in the White House, I.R.S. officials are obviously gun-shy.

Before the tax-avoidance gospel is dismissed as another example of California's daring and imaginative kookiness, some unpleasant realities too long ignored should be honestly faced. Tax avoidance is not merely the gospel of a California cult: it is a gospel the entire nation shares. Fortunes are made in devising and setting up a vast variety of tax shelters; the fees paid to the U.L.C. are peanuts compared with the income the lawyers and promoters of such schemes take in every year. Religious groups financed solely by voluntary donations raked in $18.5 billion in tax-free public contributions last year. In a column (December 1, 1979)—based on a series of articles in *The Charleston Gazette*—I called attention to the enormous success of "The Electronic Church," that is, the television evangelists who can hardly count the money they pull in while the established churches are finding it increasingly difficult to raise funds to meet their budgets. (Incidentally, for $1 you can obtain a copy of the recent report of the Council of Better Business Bureaus, 1150 17th Street, Washington, D.C. 20036, which lists the TV religious programs whose sponsors meet their standards of accountability and those whose sponsors do not.) Then, too, just what is the total tax-exempt income enjoyed by foundations? And what about the tax-free income, running into the billions, of the so-called "subterranean economy"? Nor is the tax-avoidance gospel confined to California. In Hardenburgh, New York, some 231 residents became U.L.C. ministers and claimed their homes to be tax-exempt churches. But that gambit failed and the U.L.C. no longer recommends it.

Sooner or later the I.R.S. will test the validity of the tax-avoidance gospel. But there is a larger issue in all this. Hasn't the tax shelter and tax avoidance proliferation reached the point nationally where the entire tax structure should be revamped? What some groups can do, others should be able to do. If I can get away with it, why shouldn't you try the same or a similar gimmick? The progressive income tax should be uniform, consistent, of equal application and honestly enforced. As it is, the structure is shot through and through with thousands of loopholes; more energy, time and money probably go into setting up tax shelters than into the business of collecting taxes. One can't really get morally uptight about these amiable Southern Californians of modest means who really want to "do what is right" and, in particular, to be able to meet their personal obligations in an inflationary economy. If they can't do it one way, they will try another. Californians are innovators; they are endlessly inventing, experimenting, improvising, all in an effort to make things work a little better for them and theirs. The big foundations, who are beneficiaries of enormous tax-free funds, should pay attention to the tax-avoidance gospel now spreading in California. Let them desist from lofty rhetoric and indignation and tell us what if anything is really reprehensible about the teachings and instructions of the U.L.C. and TEA.

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ARTICLES.

HEELING FOR HOOVER

God and the F.B.I. at Yale

SIGMUND DIAMOND

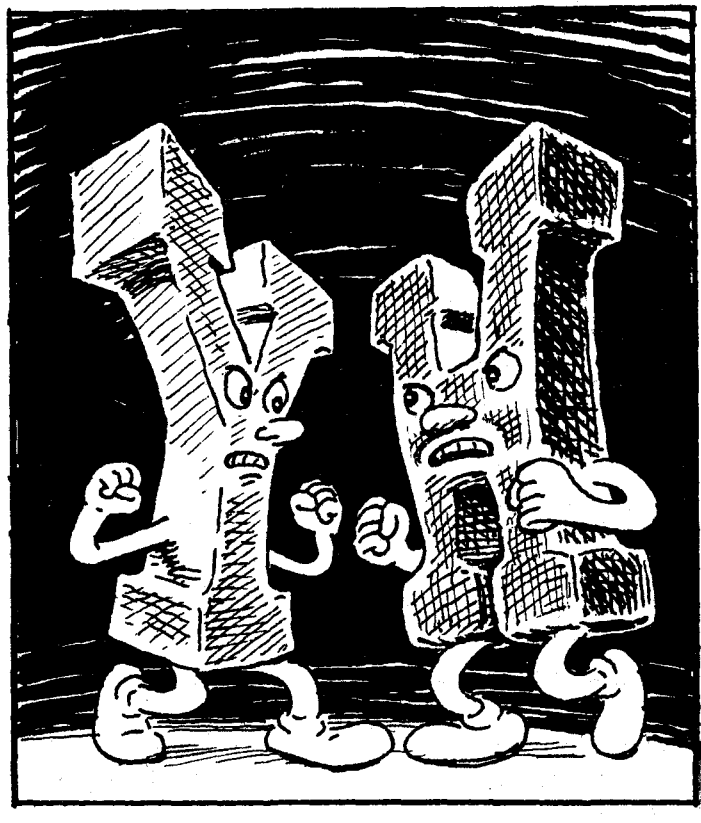
What follows is a true story, reconstructed from recently released Freedom of Information Act documents. It tells how William F. Buckley Jr., an undergraduate who could not find God at Yale, did find J. Edgar Hoover. It is a minor episode in the war between the Yales and the Harvards. And in a fragmented fashion—for that is the way of F.O.I.A. documents, which always come in bits and pieces with big chunks blacked out by the censor—it provides a fresh glimpse of cold-war intelligence operations on campus. That the story raises more questions than it answers is both its value as well as its limitation.

It all started in the spring of 1949 when *The Harvard Crimson* decided to publish a series of articles on the state of academic freedom in American universities. The fourth article in the series appeared in the issue of June 4, 1949, under the byline of William S. Fairfield, former managing editor. The headline was "Stringent Loyalty Checks at Yale Keep Teachers Tense," and the story charged that Federal Bureau of Investigation activities at Yale—including "eight or so agents," who "wander in and out of Provost Edgar S. Furniss' office every day" plus "several undercover agents and general informants"—were influencing academic appointments through reports on teachers it provided to the Yale administration. Fairfield quoted the provost's statement that "accepting any such report is neither a university practice nor policy," but he also reported Furniss's statement that he would oppose any appointment "if the fact that the man was a Communist 'came to my attention.' "

In a second article in the same issue of *The Crimson*, "F.B.I.'s Activities Spread Fear at Yale," Fairfield reported on information provided to *The Crimson* "by individuals who have heard rumors of the situation at Yale and believed it would make an interesting sequel to the series on academic freedom which *The Crimson* printed last week." The younger members of the Yale faculty were frightened, Fairfield reported. On the one hand there was the stated policy of the Yale Corporation and president Charles Seymour that no Communists would be appointed to the faculty; on the other hand there were the statements of Seymour that there would be no witch hunts and of Provost Furniss that accepting "secret reports" from the F.B.I. or elsewhere was not Yale's "practice nor policy." Then how would the corporation implement its policy of barring Communists? "There is no satisfactory answer to that question," Fairfield wrote.

The F.B.I. on Campus

Fairfield's article also mentioned "two definite cases and a third probable case in which the F.B.I. has gone beyond official F.B.I. policy in influencing Yale academic and political activities." The first of these cases involved the distinguished physicist Prof. Henry Margenau, who was reported as having been castigated by an F.B.I. agent for having spoken at a meeting of the New Haven Youth Movement: "So now he calls the New Haven F.B.I. office every time he has doubts about a group which has asked him to speak." The second of these cases involved a controversy over the appointment as an instructor in philosophy of Dr. Robert S. Cohen, a young philosopher and physicist. Fairfield's story was that Cohen had been unanimously recommended by the philosophy department and by the Yale College faculty for the appointment; that the Prudential Committee of the Yale Corporation had rejected the nomination on the basis of information provided by an "informant" concerning Cohen's political activities; that both Provost Furniss and Yale College Dean William C. De Vane, who felt that the informant was trustworthy, acknowledged that the informant "had some connection with the F.B.I., or at least with a thoroughly systematized investigatory body," as De Vane put it and that, after considerable protest by members of the Yale faculty and others, Cohen's rejection was reversed and the appointment made. In the third case, Provost Furniss said that he had rebuked "one of the F.B.I.'s many liaison men" at Yale for having threatened a faculty member.



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

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On June 10, 1949, J. Edgar Hoover wrote to *The Crimson* calling Fairfield's references to the F.B.I. "inaccurate, distorted and untrue." He denied that F.B.I. agents "wander in and out of" the Yale provost's office every day; that "there are several undercover agents and general informants" for every known agent; that "files of the F.B.I." had been "opened to Yale or any other educational institution," and that the F.B.I. "influenced Yale academic and political activities," had "undercover agents" at Yale, or investigated "applicants for teaching positions in Yale or any other college or university." Hoover also claimed that two people mentioned in Fairfield's story "have advised that they were misquoted."

Hoover's letter was printed in *The Crimson* of June 21, 1949, together with an answer from Fairfield, writing "For the Editors." Fairfield stuck to his guns. His article, he said, was based on information from about thirty people at Yale; he had not written, as Hoover claimed he had, that the F.B.I. opened its files to Yale or other colleges, but Hoover had not refuted his charge that the F.B.I. was indeed influencing academic and political activities at Yale: "*The Crimson* had hoped that Mr. Hoover would severely spank his errant agents, not rush to their defense."

"Derogatory to the Bureau"

Over the summer, the Harvards and the Yales went on vacation, but in New Haven the *Crimson* story was not forgotten. On September 28, 1949, J.J. Gleason, Special Agent in Charge of the New Haven office of the F.B.I., wrote to the Director (Attention: Assistant Director L.B. Nichols) referring to telephone calls between himself and Nichols on September 20 and 22 concerning an article that was to be run in *The Yale Daily News* dealing with the *Crimson* story of June 4, "which was derogatory to the Bureau." He stated in his memorandum that he had been called by Mr. David Ralston, "a reporter for the Yale Daily News," who told him that the paper was going to run a story about the "Harvard Crimson article relative to F.B.I. activities at Yale. I was able to elicit from him that the article was to contain mainly an interview with Professor Robert S. Cohen, *whose identity is known to the Bureau* [italics added], and that the trend of the article would be somewhere between the stand taken by the Crimson and Cohen's statements. Mr. Ralston further stated that the News was to carry an editorial but he was unaware of the nature of the editorial." Gleason continued:

> I immediately contacted Mr. H.B. Fisher, Liaison Officer at Yale University, and advised him of the call from Ralston. Mr. Fisher stated that he would advise me as to what was transpiring at the University in this matter. He subsequently informed me that through the assistance of Mr. Carl Lohmann, Secretary of the University, and Provost Edgar S. Furniss, efforts were being made by University officials to have the story killed inasmuch as it was entirely inaccurate and would only tend to prolong the effects, if any, of the original article in the Harvard Crimson. Mr. Fisher further indicated that the University officials were not interested in any controversy arising between Yale and Harvard because of the activities of the Harvard Crimson and the Yale Daily News. On Thursday, September 22, 1949, I was advised that no material would be used in the Yale Daily News relative to the Harvard Crimson article.
>
> Meanwhile, Mr. William F. Buckley, Jr., who is presently the student head of the Yale Daily News, contacted me for the purpose of having a discussion of the article which appeared in the Harvard Crimson, particularly relating to Professor Cohen's statements and the position of the F.B.I.

Gleason continued that he had been authorized by Assistant Director Nichols to advise Buckley that at no time had the F.B.I. conducted "an investigation relative to Robert S. Cohen" and to give Buckley a copy of J. Edgar Hoover's letter of June 10 to *The Crimson*. Buckley told Gleason "that he had changed his mind considerably about the matter and was now of the opinion that the articles appearing in the Harvard Crimson were vicious and insidious in addition to being journalistically poor and that in his opinion the F.B.I. had been maligned. He stated that in the event the Harvard Crimson carries further articles that are derogatory to the F.B.I.'s position at Yale that the Daily News at Yale will publicly clarify our position in connection with the University's activities."

Buckley to the Rescue

Gleason concluded his report to Nichols by appending two letters, one from Provost Furniss, the other from Buckley. The letter from Furniss denied he had told *The Crimson* that the F.B.I. was investigating the loyalty of members of the Yale faculty. "I am presently awaiting a communication from Professor Henry Margenau," Gleason wrote. "It is noted that I originally asked that these communications be directed to you [the Director]; however, they will serve the same purpose in this form." The letter from Buckley to Gleason (dated September 27, 1949) offered:

> to facilitate in any way I can a meeting between yourself and various members of the faculty and of the undergraduate body in order that you may outline to them the actual roll [*sic*] of the F.B.I. in the state and community levels. It seems to me that an opportunity to confront some of your more relentless critics can result in a great deal of good, and can serve to clear the air of many palpably false charges.

He offered the Memorial Room of *The Yale Daily News* for the meeting and added, "I trust you will aid me in my campaign to dispel these rumors here at Yale." Buckley's proposal was taken seriously. Nichols wrote on Gleason's letter: "I recomend [*sic*] we do this but feel someone from Washington should handle with Gleason making introduction."

On October 3, 1949, Special Agent Gleason again wrote to the F.B.I. Director, Attention Assistant Director Nichols. He reported that Buckley had informed him that on September 28 he had received a telephone call from John G. Simon, president of *The Crimson*, a call in which Buckley "thought that this office would be interested":

> Mr. Buckley stated that Simon advised him that he was in receipt of a communication from New Haven, the author of which he did not care to divulge, which stated that the Yale Daily News was all set to run an article supporting the Harvard Crimson's expose of the F.B.I. of June 4, 1949, whereupon Buckley received a telephone call from me and

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at a meeting had [*sic*] with Buckley I intimidated Buckley to the extent that the article was killed.

Mr. Buckley advised me that he told Simon that the story in the letter from New Haven was as preposterous as the story carried in the Harvard Crimson of June 4th; that as a matter of fact the story to be carried in the News was killed prior to any contact I had with Buckley and that Buckley had called me and invited me to lunch.

Gleason reported that Buckley had told him that Simon had found "the communication" from New Haven "a little irregular" and was calling for verification, and, further, that Buckley had told Simon that he would be glad to meet with him in New Haven within ten days "to point out to him the errors as he knew them in such false accusations against the F.B.I." Gleason concluded:

This situation is obviously delicate and I intend to furnish Buckley no more information than was approved by the Bureau as indicated in my letter of September 28th, 1949; further, any contact had with him will be as a result of his calling me. In the event John G. Simon calls at this office during his stay in New Haven, I will tell him nothing unless advised to the contrary by the Bureau. I did advise Buckley that I would be interested in the author of the communication to John G. Simon . . . in the event he ascertained same and was free to advise me of the identity.

On October 7, Gleason sent Washington headquarters of the F.B.I. a letter he had received from Professor Margenau denying statements attributed to him in the *Crimson* article of June 4. The letters from Furniss and Margenau were clearly felt by the F.B.I. to be important to the defense of its activities at Yale. On October 10, Nichols wrote to Clyde Tolson, Hoover's assistant, sending him a copy of Margenau's letter:

Immediately after the appearance of the Harvard Crimson story Margenau called the office and was very angry and denied that he had even talked to the author. His letter now states that he talked to the author but was misquoted and some of the things he was quoted on were not even discussed by him. The letter further substantiates our position.

As to Furniss's letter, the F.B.I. had already made use of it:

Provost Furniss stated that if at any time it became necessary for the Bureau to defend itself he would suggest we say that we had written denials of [*sic*] Yale University to the Harvard Crimson story and then if it was necessary to further prove our position we could then release the letter.

Nichols revealed he had used Furniss's letter in a letter of his own to Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union: "It was not for public release and in no way is governed by Furniss' request." It had served its purpose: to stop A.C.L.U. criticism of F.B.I. activities at Yale.

The Yale Forum

In the meantime, the F.B.I. had accepted Buckley's proposal for a general meeting at Yale. It was held on October 24, 1949, and on October 25, Nichols, who was the main F.B.I. spokesman at the meeting, reported to Tolson in a five-page memorandum, one full page of which has been inked out by the F.B.I. "to protect the name of an individual interviewed by the F.B.I. and information furnished by that individual concerning a third party." The remainder of the memorandum warrants quoting *in extenso* as an example of the *modus operandi* of the F.B.I.:

Buckley opened with a brief statement and referred to the Harvard Crimson article of last June. I was then questioned about the allegations pertaining to the F.B.I. and branded them as lies and pointed out that the Director had also . . . branded them as lies; that . . . we had documented statements from the two principals involved denying the accuracy of statements attributed to them. The point was further made that the philosophy instructor could not have been reported on by the F.B.I. for the simple reason that the F.B.I. had never investigated him.

Professor Fowler Harper [of the Yale Law School] launched into a long harangue of questions. He would invariably ask a question in four parts. In answering him I would pick out the part that lent itself to the easiest discussion and then launch into a discussion of the Bureau. There were some questions he asked that I never did answer, though he agreed that I had answered his questions.

I had one spirited tiff with Professor Rodell [Fred Rodell, of the Yale Law School], who referred to current rumors in Washington that the F.B.I. had files on Congressmen. I branded this as a lie and told him that we were not unmindful that there was gossip to this effect but that the gossip remained in the minds of individuals and defied him to cite one single instance. He said that he had an informant who was a former Bureau agent. I challenged him to identify his informant, which he thought he should not do. . . .

Professor Kendall [Willmoore Kendall, of the political science department], who tried to be helpful, asked the question if the Bureau had files on Congressmen would Congress respond to the Bureau so favorably. I replied by quoting from the report of the Appropriation [*sic*] Committee last year, putting back the million and a half the Budget Bureau had cut us. . . .

One student asked the question from the floor, was it proper to ask if one "read the Nation." I told him it was not a proper question. He stated an Agent had recently asked him this question. I asked who the Agent was. He replied the Agent's name was Murphy. We have an Agent Murphy in the New Haven office. I told the young man that I would like to see him after the meeting.

Nichols did indeed meet with the young man after the meeting. The student "outlined that maybe the Agent was within [his] rights in asking the question." Nichols replied that "if he was not then the Agent would be fired." When the student said he did not want to get the agent in trouble and that he "had the right to ask the question," Nichols "told him that in that event he should have so stated on the floor, but that now we had to look into the matter." The matter was looked into the next day and Nichols describes his talk with Murphy, from which he concluded that the agent had not asked the question in the first place. He adds that since the student is "temperamental" and "very much upset over the comment he made, [he] should now be called to the office and Murphy should confront him. I think this will end satisfactorily." The memorandum ends with a statement about Buckley:

I was very much impressed with William Buckley, editor of the Yale Daily News. I have a very definite feeling that we will hear from this young man in years to come. I would say very definitely that he is pro-F.B.I. I invited him to visit the Bureau and told him I would like for him to meet the Direc-

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tor. He stated that he would like to do this at some time in the future. I also got quite a kick out of the fact that he apparently had members of the Daily News staff spotted around the audience because he reported that a reporter from the Harvard Crimson was present and that as the reporter from the Harvard Crimson would make notes his men would jostle him.

A day later, on October 26, 1949, Buckley wrote Nichols promising him a copy of the transcript of the proceedings as soon as it was available and enclosing a copy of the *Yale Daily News* article on the meeting. He informed him that he was enclosing a copy of a letter he had written to Hoover, and thanked him for his participation. Buckley's letter to Hoover, also dated October 26, reads in part as follows:

Dear Mr. Hoover:

I don't think you can possibly realize the good that was done here last night by the open forum at which Mr. Nichols and Mr. Gleason answered questions on F.B.I. policy. . . .

A straightforward and honest appraisal of Mr. Nichols . . . leads me to comment that he is one of the most able men I have ever seen at work on a platform. His patent honesty, his wealth of information, his manifest devotion to his organization and to the law of the land elicited highly laudatory comments from men as cynical as Professors Rodell and Harper.

. . . You have contributed more than a dozen classes and a score of periodicals to the enlightening of the student mind on all-important [*sic*] question.

Sincerely,
William F. Buckley, Jr.

But also enclosed with Buckley's letter is a blind carbon copy of another letter by Buckley, dated October 26, 1949, written to John G. Simon, president of *The Harvard Crimson*:

Dear John:

I regret extremely that you did not have the opportunity to check in here as you anticipated doing several weeks ago when I spoke to you over the phone.

You may have heard from one of your reporters who attended the F.B.I. conference Monday night the nature of the meeting and the satisfaction of the audience that insofar as the F.B.I. was concerned William Fairfield simply did not know the facts or else did not care to state them accurately.

I see no particular reason for extending this controversy but I do suggest that in the interests of responsible journalism, and in the interests of protecting your newspaper's reputation for accuracy, you exercise a little control over the flamboyance of some of your men. I speak earnestly because a fantastic amount of damage was caused by Fairfield's irresponsibility, witness for example, the indictment of the F.B.I. by the [American] Civil Liberties Union as a result of the Crimson article. You must know by now, I assume, that the ACLU will withdraw its charges on the basis of its own investigation into F.B.I. activity at Yale.

Please don't assume from the air of my letter that we are not ourselves frequently guilty of distortion of fact, exaggeration, and inaccuracy, but I do feel that it is your duty, as well as mine, to exercise every possible control over outright misrepresentation. Especially do I feel that objectivity was lacking in your reply to Mr. Hoover's letter late in June.

Sincerely,
William F. Buckley, Jr.

On October 28, only two days after Buckley had written to Hoover about the Yale meeting, Hoover answered:

Dear Mr. Buckley:

. . . I do want you to know how deeply I appreciate the objective manner in which you handled the conference and your kind observations for the Bureau's representatives who participated. It was most considerate of you to set forth not only in your letter of October 26, 1949, but in your editorial observations in the Yale Daily News of October 25, 1949, the position of the Bureau on the all important matter of the preservation of our freedoms.

It has been rather difficulty [*sic*] for me to understand how intelligent and informed people could entertain some of the views that they have entertained regarding the F.B.I. in view of its past record. I think that through your efforts considerable progress has been made toward dissipating any erroneous ideas. If at any time in the future any question should arise pertaining to the F.B.I.'s activities, I sincerely trust you will not hesitate to communicate with us.

I do hope that some time during the course of the year when you are in Washington, that you can pay us a visit. . . .

Sincerely yours,
J. Edgar Hoover

"The Crimson" Stands Fast

The Crimson was not persuaded that its report had been inaccurate. On October 26, 1949, in its story on the Yale meeting, it reported that the two F.B.I. agents at that meeting "have admitted the existence of 'liaison men' on the Yale campus as sources of information on people being 'checked,' " but repeated earlier F.B.I. denials that undercover agents "have infiltrated into the nation's universities." *The Crimson* referred to Hoover's letter of June 10 denying that the F.B.I. had agents at Yale, but it insisted that "Hoover's denials required specific documentation."

So long as *The Crimson* was unrepentant, the F.B.I. remained concerned. On October 27, the Boston office sent a teletype to Washington quoting verbatim the text of the latest *Crimson* article and revealing, in passing, that the article had been the subject of a Boston-Washington F.B.I. telephone call the day before. And clearly Hoover himself was still concerned. On November 3, 1949, Nichols sent a memorandum to Tolson explaining how *The Crimson* had objected to the Bureau's role in the Cohen case ("the instructor in the Philosophy Department referred to in the Harvard Crimson article who was accused by the Yale authorities of being a Communist").

The F.B.I. continued to interest itself in the matter; so did Buckley. On November 10, 1949, the New Haven office of the F.B.I. sent the following memorandum to the Director, Attention Assistant Director Nichols:

There are enclosed herewith copies of a letter to Mr. John G. Simon, President of Harvard Crimson, 14 Plympton Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, dated 10-31-49, from William F. Buckley, Jr., Chairman of the Yale Daily News, which I am sure will be of interest to the Bureau.

The blind copy of Buckley's letter to Simon, which was enclosed, begins with a rueful admission that while he remembers the *Crimson* article of June 4, he can find no copy of it at his office. He continues: "I deeply regret that you should not interpret the F.B.I. conference and the facts I

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related to you over the telephone as clear refutation of that part of the Fairfield story that dealt with the F.B.I. at Yale. . . . Let me begin by admitting to you that in substance the details of Mr. Cohen's case were correctly presented and have in no way been denied in the Yale News. . . . However," Buckley goes on, Fairfield erred in five particulars, which he proceeds to adumbrate; as a result, he writes, "I hesitate to publish your letter because the above facts are absolutely clear to members of Yale, as a result of their thorough airing at the Conference. If I were to run your letter, it would mean that I would have to append to it a lengthy editorial note which would do nothing more than to outline anew the already expressed refutation, and I use the word advisedly."

"I Agree—JEH"

On April 12, 1950, nearly a full year after the *Crimson* story and nearly five months after the Yale meeting, Nichols belatedly sent Tolson copies of *The Yale Daily News* of October 25 and 26, 1949, with stories about the Yale forum and a letter to the editor from Robert S. Cohen, "pointing out that the public concern over current American 'loyalty' investigations should not, in his opinion, be stilled." On May 3, 1950, M. A. Jones of the Washington office of the F.B.I. sent Nichols a memorandum on the subject "John G. Simon, Harvard University," with an attachment consisting of a letter Simon had had published in *The New York Times Magazine*, April 30, 1950, in which Simon "questions the 'authorities,' as he calls them, cited by the Director as establishing policy on wiretapping." Jones concluded his memorandum to Nichols:

> John G. Simon is believed identical with John G. Simon who, as President of Harvard Crimson, was party to the Harvard Crimson, June 4, 1949, story "F.B.I.'s Activities Spread Fear at Yale" which alleged the F.B.I. attempted to influence academic and political activities at Yale.
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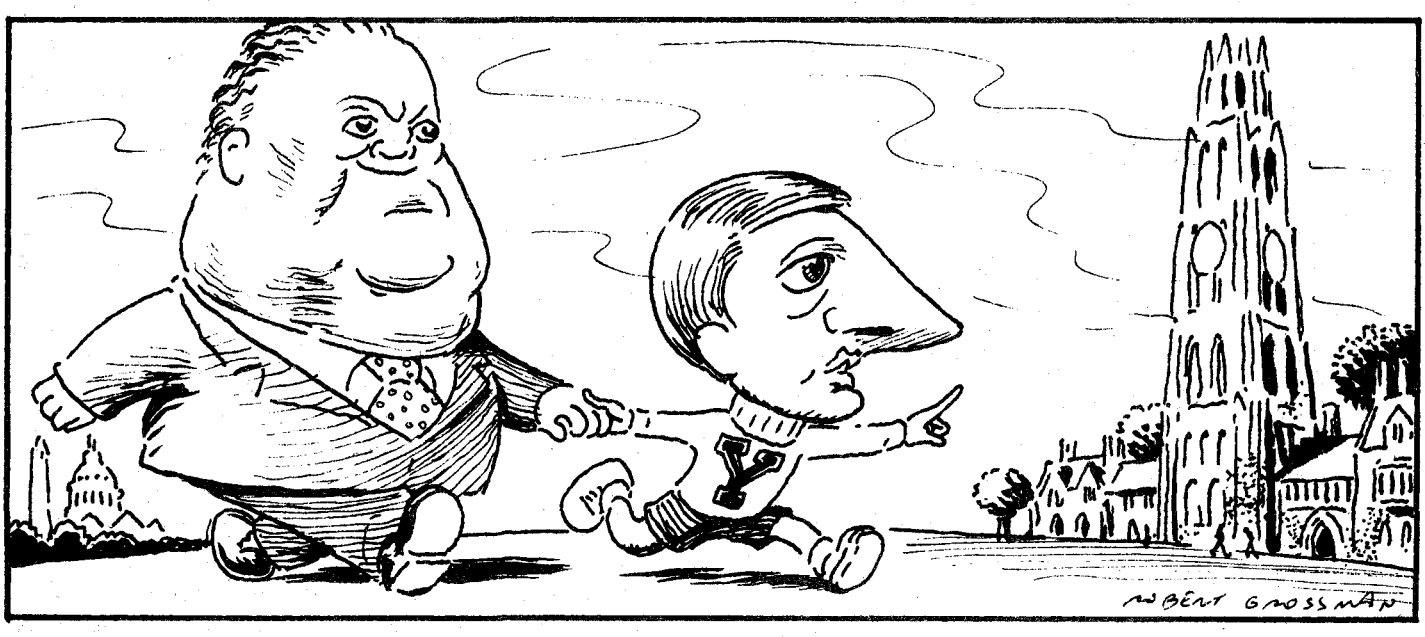
> Since Simon refused to "back up" even after you appeared on the Yale panel forum October 24, 1949, it is recommended that no action be taken in answer to Simon.

At the bottom of the page Nichols has written, "I agree." So has someone else, whose initials, dimly decipherable, are, it appears, "JEH."

The F.B.I.'s Long Memory

In this matter, as in many others, the F.B.I. had a long memory. On December 11, 1953, Nichols sent Tolson a memorandum informing him that he had just been advised that *The Harvard Crimson* had that day run a story by William Beecher containing statements from a number of members of the Harvard faculty concerning the Harry Dexter White case. The most outspoken in his disapproval of J. Edgar Hoover's handling of that case was assistant professor of government Charles R. Cherrington. "We will . . . run a file check on Cherrington and Beecher," Nichols wrote. I do not know whether the F.B.I. checked its files for information on Cherrington and Beecher, the student reporter. I do know that it checked its files on *The Crimson*. On December 16, 1953, M. A. Jones sent a memorandum to Nichols captioned "Derogatory Article in the Harvard Crimson issue of December 11, 1953." Appended to that memo is a summary of the information contained in the F.B.I. files on *The Crimson*. Of the eleven paragraphs in that summary, six deal with the F.B.I. response to *The Crimson*'s articles about F.B.I. activities at Yale.

And so goes our continuing tale. One learns to be suspicious of all stories based on F.B.I. documents since the documents themselves are so often written to make a record, to protect the agent or the Bureau or both at the expense of the truth. Also, what is blacked out often contradicts or alters the meaning of what is left in. Nevertheless, the Buckley described in these documents sounds very much in training to become the Buckley we have come to know in the ensuing years, and the information contained in these documents as well as the underlying assumptions may yield some clues to cold-war values and practices and how they tainted relationships between those who ran our intelligence agencies and



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those who inhabited our most elite houses of intellect.

Which is not to say that by his own lights Mr. Buckley has been caught violating his values. What is wrong, after all, with arranging a public meeting to clarify the role of the Bureau at Old Blue? And if one's man jostles a Harvard's arm while taking notes—well, that is all in good fun. What is wrong with sending blind carbons of one's own letters to the F.B.I. and not printing stories or letters-to-the-editor that violate one's notion of truth or ideology? Why *shouldn't* Yale (its administration, faculty and students, including student newsmen) protect itself against the Communist menace?

A Series of Questions

For the rest of us, however, some questions linger: First, one observes that the relationship between the Bureau and Yale was institutionalized to the extent that the F.B.I. had a "liaison officer" at Yale. How common was this practice? How widespread? How many were there? What was their function? Was this with the permission or behind the back of the faculty? Does the practice still go on?

Second, one notes that it was a reporter for *The Yale Daily News* who first called the F.B.I. office in New Haven to alert the Bureau to the forthcoming story about the *Crimson* article. Was the reporter an informant? If so, how common was this practice of student informing? Was the student paid for his information? Did Buckley approve of this practice by his staff or reprimand the leaker? Did the Bureau recruit student informants from within the student press as a matter of course or was this a whistle blower?

Third, there is the fact that according to the Special Agent in Charge of the New Haven F.B.I. office, the secretary of the university and the provost were both making efforts "to have the story killed." Was this the S.A.C.'s boast? His imagination? Or were the secretary and provost of Yale in the habit of censoring stories to protect the Bureau's image and Yale's image? Was this true under all editorial regimes of *The Yale Daily News* or only that of William F. Buckley Jr.? When the S.A.C. reports that through the liaison officer he was "advised that no material would be used in the Yale Daily News," was this because an informant had told the liaison officer of Buckley's independent decision? Or had the order/desire been passed down to the editor? Or both?

Fourth, given the climate of the times, one wonders whether the letters and denials from the Yale professors were indeed voluntary or were the result of subtle or crude coercion. If the former, did *The Crimson*'s reporter simply make up the "thirty" interviews or was the real story the climate of fear which led so many to believe that political considerations and F.B.I. investigations were affecting tenure decisions?

Fifth, there is the matter of the ethics of blind carbons where the F.B.I. was concerned. Buckley, it will be recalled, reported on telephone conversations with and sent along blind carbons of his letters to his counterpart on *The Crimson*. I have been in touch with John G. Simon, who is now a professor at Yale Law School, to ask him if he knew that copies of correspondence between him and Buckley had been made available to the F.B.I. He informed me that Buckley refused to publish a letter he had written to *The Yale Daily News* concerning the *Crimson* story and that at no time did he know that copies of Buckley's letters to him or reports of their telephone conversations had been available to the F.B.I. What use, if any, did the F.B.I. make of such information? If the practice of sending along one's relevant correspondence to the F.B.I. was really innocent, why a *blind* rather than an acknowledged carbon? Probably nothing more than a little self-ingratiation is going on here, but worth noting, given young Buckley's demonstrated concern with moral inquiry.

Sixth, recall Nichols's riposte to Prof. Fred Rodell's reference to rumors in Washington that the F.B.I. had files on Congressmen: "I branded this as a lie." Since Hoover's secret files on members of Congress were unveiled in February 1975, perhaps Mr. Buckley, as host of the occasion on which this misrepresentation was perpetrated, would now consider apologizing to Professor Rodell and all of the others misled by this pronouncement. More importantly, the blatant lie by this top Bureau spokesman on so critical an issue throws into doubt other of the F.B.I.'s official representations during the cold-war years. For example, its denial of having conducted "an investigation relative to [Professor] Robert S. Cohen" must be read in the light of the memorandum that Cohen was "known to the Bureau," a code phrase for having a file on someone.

Many other questions are raised by this F.B.I. perspective on the Harvards and the Yales. Why, for example, were both the F.B.I. and Yale University so extraordinarily sensitive to what was, after all, only an article in an undergraduate newspaper and so assiduous in denying that any relationship existed between them? There is obviously not enough here to document the dimensions of the wholesale political purge I believe to have been underway. But perhaps the publication of these excerpts now will help motivate others—alumni, scholars, reporters, students—to discover the missing facts. □

ABSOLUTION AT N.Y.U.

The Laundering of McGeorge Bundy

RICHARD J. WALTON

Sometimes a footnote to history can be more illuminating than the main text. Take the case of McGeorge Bundy, who, as national security adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, was one of the leading architects of the Vietnam War. Bundy, who retired after thirteen years as president of the Ford Foundation, recently began an appointment to the history faculty at New York University. This is the latest demonstration of how the leading figures in the Vietnam War have been able to escape their personal culpability. Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk, Henry Kissinger and now McGeorge Bundy (plus many lesser

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Vietnam figures like Cyrus Vance) have, as one disapproving N.Y.U. historian put it, been "laundered." There is a nice irony in Bundy's being laundered by a university, since the universities constituted the center of the antiwar movement.

Bundy, whose appointment was announced a year ago by N.Y.U. President John C. Sawhill (now on leave as number-two man in the Energy Department), slipped in the back door. He was given a five-year contract, which took effect in September 1979, instead of a tenured post. Asked why Bundy was given a fixed-term appointment (which does not require a formal vote by the concerned department), Dean Norman Cantor said tenured posts were not normally offered to men of Bundy's age (he is 60). Yet, as opponents of the appointment point out, this is a distinction without a difference since in five years Bundy will be 65, the normal age for retirement even for tenured professors. And it did avoid the possibility of embarrassment at a formal meeting of the history department.

At the time of the appointment, the chairman of the history department, John Wilkes, did take an informal "poll" of the department and found overwhelming support for Bundy. Opponents, however, say they did not realize they were being polled. They said, too, that the controversy surrounding the appointment caused Professor Wilkes to resign as chairman. Dean Cantor says, however, "I can give you my assurance" that he resigned for reasons unrelated to the appointment.

Asked if the university considered Bundy's involvement in the Vietnam War before approaching him, Cantor, himself a historian, said it "was not a significant negative factor." The dean pointed out that when the appointment was discussed at length at a full faculty meeting last spring, the appointment was approved by "two and a half or three to one." The opposition, he said, was "political" because "some faculty felt Bundy's involvement in the Vietnam War made him unsuitable for a faculty appointment."

Asked why Bundy was appointed to the history department when he had been a professor of government (and Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences) at Harvard until being named national security adviser by Kennedy, Dean Cantor said that Bundy had "requested history." Bundy, however, said he had merely described his project—research and writing on the nuclear age, particularly nuclear weapons—and expressed no preference as to department. "I didn't choose; I was asked if I would accept an appointment in the history department. I don't know if they thought history might be more hospitable."

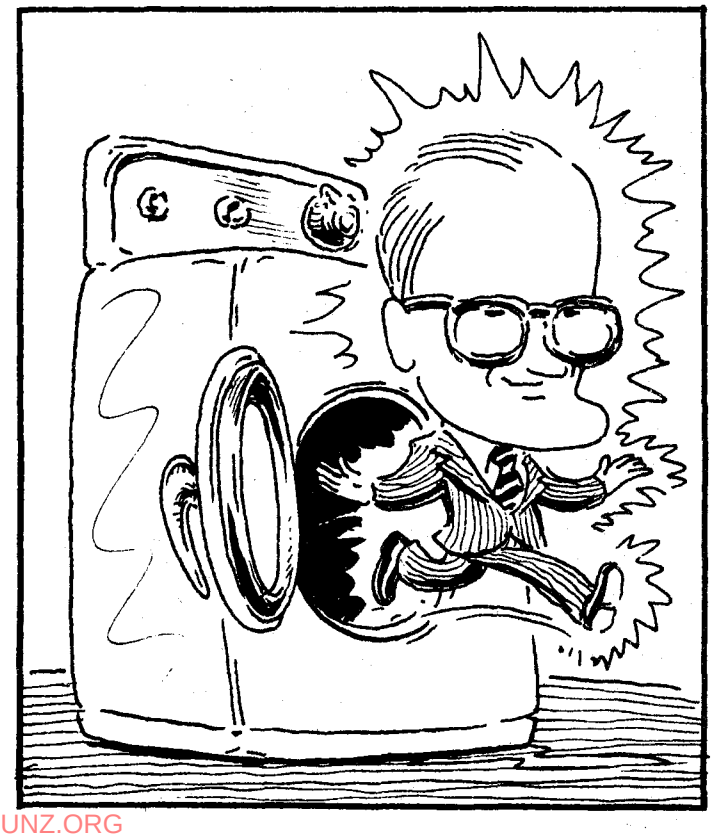
Some N.Y.U. faculty observed that the history department was notably more conservative than the department of politics (as the government and political science department is known) and that the latter might have rejected the appointment. In any case, there would have been a much greater controversy.

Neither Dean Cantor nor Bundy would say how much Bundy is paid. Bundy, who could not have been more cordial to a telephone caller, said cheerfully, "It's none of your business." Funding is provided by the Sloan Foundation. Expected funding by the Rockefeller Foundation fell through. Bundy has a suite of three offices and the services of a secretary and a Ph.D. in contemporary history. It is widely assumed at N.Y.U. that he is paid more than most senior professors although he does not now teach. Research professorships are rare in the humanities at N.Y.U., although they do exist in science and, especially, mathematics. Bundy said he would teach a graduate seminar in the spring 1981 semester.

There is speculation at N.Y.U. that Bundy was appointed by Sawhill to reassure alumni donors that all vestiges of 1960s radicalism have faded away. Given the overwhelming faculty vote in favor of Bundy's appointment, that would certainly seem to be the case. Indeed, Bundy's first public appearance at N.Y.U. was before an alumni audience.

Among the leaders of the faculty opposition was Richard Sennett, well-known sociologist and author of *The Fall of Public Man*. He says: "It is very disturbing. Americans are trying as hard as they can to forget Vietnam. Thus they learn nothing from it, especially with regard to Afghanistan." Sennett, who describes himself as "something of a conservative," says his opposition to the appointment was not based solely on the war. He says that Bundy, unlike Henry Kissinger, is not academically qualified. All Bundy "has to be judged on" is his public service. "The really important part of his career has to do with the conduct of foreign policy."

Sennett says he would "reluctantly" approve such an appointment for Kissinger. Although they are both, in his



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view, "war criminals," Kissinger, unlike Bundy, is a scholar. But he thinks Bundy is a more interesting war criminal because he is a liberal. In the United States, Sennett says, it has long been believed that "good intentions are more important than actual conduct." And the liberals, whose war Vietnam was, meant well, whereas "I don't think Kissinger is a well-intentioned man." In any case, Sennett is offended that figures like these should be able to come back as if Vietnam were "a sort of blank spot in their past." He says it is very American that "the past never has any calls on the present. It is scary to Americans being responsible for what they have done in the past." The ultimate irony, of course, is that a great university, whose essential function is to preserve the past, has forgotten it. □

STILLBIRTH OF A NATION?

Cambodia at the Turning Point

ANTHONY BARNETT

On March 20 Cambodia issued a new national currency, called the riel, after five years without one. Among other dubious achievements, Pol Pot had created the first state in the modern world to have completely militarized its economy and abolished money. The reintroduction of the latter is thus an event of some significance. It is a step toward normalization, however tentative. It is also a story of great human interest. At a time when monetarism is in fashion, even the business pages might have shown some concern. The Western media report many things that are supposed to have happened in Cambodia that are unconfirmed by independent eyewitnesses. Yet the launching of a new currency by a country that had none has passed almost without notice. Inevitably, it is the disasters that attract journalistic attention rather than efforts to overcome them.

The threat of another grave crisis does, it happens, loom over Cambodia, despite recent improvements. The inequality between the countryside and the city, a traditional bane of Khmer society, is once more a fact of life. In the villages, scarcity threatens to spiral into starvation again. Especially in the remoter parts of the countryside, there is both hunger and an acute shortage of seeds. In only a few weeks' time, the rainy season will simultaneously slow down the transport of aid and also make planting imperative. In Phnom Penh there are markets with food and commodities for sale, and in February, when the final small harvest had been gathered, it seemed that "disaster had been averted," in the words of James Grant, executive director of UNICEF. But now, unless the international aid effort is stepped up and distributed more speedily, it is likely that Cambodia will almost certainly miss its chance to break out of the cycle of disaster in which it has been gripped.

The "explanation" now current in Washington for the new turn the Cambodian crisis has taken is that the Vietnamese are deliberately holding back seed rice in Cambodian warehouses. In fact, aid personnel report, there are hardly any stocks in the country to hold back, and despite its own acute food problems, Vietnam has said it will try to send in 10,000 tons of the 40,000 tons needed. International aid officials are scouring the world market for seed rice, now in short supply. After difficulties, the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief has obtained some. An order from a United Nations agency for perhaps 10,000 tons has met with extended bureaucratic delays—not in Phnom Penh or Hanoi but in Bangkok, where, despite the emergency, the Government refuses to expedite an export license for the tonnage acquired.

The crucial problem inside Cambodia is symbolized by the fifteen ships, many of them Russian, lined up outside the port of Kompong Som waiting to unload. The Khmer dockers can unload only 500 tons a day. Insofar as the Vietnamese bear a responsibility for this, it is not because they are attempting to starve the Cambodians into submission but because they are being deferential to a fault to the nationalist sensitivities of a still feeble and insecure administration. The introduction of Cambodian currency is an example of this. Previously, the Vietnamese dong had been the main currency in circulation in the capital for everyday transactions. But the changeover may have been premature. Should money be introduced in a time of mounting scarcity? The risk is redoubled by the currency's proclaimed base. To peg it to the dollar would have been unacceptable; to tie it to the dong would have perhaps been more sensible but that might have been taken as an affront to Cambodian sovereignty. So it has been based on rice itself. One new riel equals one kilogram of rice on the official market. The upshot is that the value of money has been fixed in terms of a commodity that is subject to great variations in value on the free market. Will this really help to stabilize the economy and legitimize the regime?

The authorities had originally planned to introduce money at the end of last year, following the controlled resettlement of Phnom Penh. But the latter had to be delayed. Resentment in the camps outside the city increased as people saw Vietnamese officers living in town while they had to camp on the outskirts. The planned resettlement was abandoned, but a free economy was allowed to flourish in Phnom Penh to a surprising extent. Controls on entry into the city were virtually lifted. When I was there in February, I saw jeans and Sony radios openly on sale in the markets. They had been brought in from Thailand, while smaller durables such as hats and spoons had come in from southern Vietnam. Rice was cheaper than in Hanoi and a chicken cost 10 to 15 dong, less than half the price that prevailed in northern Vietnam. Nearly 300,000 inhabitants were living in the capital. With this relatively unrestricted movement of goods and people (those coming in from Thailand were often "taxed" by proportional confiscation), a market was created, into which the new money could be injected.

However, all this meant subsidizing an unproductive ur-

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ban economy, which drew people into trade, away from agriculture. Still, only a city-based administration can mount a nationwide distribution system, and aid did begin to move out into the countryside under appalling conditions (heavily damaged roads, wrecked bridges, an acute shortage of trucks, lack of spare parts). But it still moved too slowly. And in a way this laggardly pace was worsened by the speed with which the Vietnamese handed over civilian power to the Khmer authorities. Vietnamese of high rank who ordered the Cambodians around were summarily shipped home—for being insensitive. One Vietnamese adviser who remains in Cambodia recently agreed with an aid worker demanding a greater sense of urgency and speed, but he made it clear, without saying so outright, that he was not in a position to give the necessary orders.

What the Vietnamese want is a fraternal Cambodia that is a credible state, which would in turn help the Cambodians to survive. The Vietnamese are paying for their invasion, both politically and economically, and they justify the cost quite straightforwardly in terms of improving their own national security. This means accelerating efforts to legitimize the Government and give its personnel greater self-confidence—hence high rations for officials (often higher than what those of equivalent rank in Hanoi receive); building up the Khmer Army and militia, and encouraging President Heng Samrin's officials to make decisions, even when this entails waiting patiently while they equivocate.

If the Vietnamese dally too long, the effort may prove self-defeating. No government will survive a famine for which its people think it has administrative responsibility. If food that is available does not reach the villages and provide the peasants the strength to plant, and if seed rice does not get to them so that they have something to plant, many may die and the new regime could crumble from lack of support.

The next two months before the June monsoons could prove decisive. Yet the Vietnamese find themselves in a difficult situation. Last year they distributed their own rice, using their army to do so. But if they carry Western aid in their military trucks this year, the international relief agencies will object. If they do not, the peasants will object even more. The predicament does not stem from their stubborn refusal to withdraw. Vietnam's dilemma arises out of its having liberated Cambodia militarily while lacking the economic strength to sustain the postwar transition.

The West is in a better economic position to help than the Soviet bloc. Moreover, the United States in particular has an obligation to the people of Cambodia. To fulfill it, however, means recognizing Hanoi and also taking a more detached view of the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia. For example, well-attested if suppressed facts—such as the unprovoked aggression along Vietnam's border by Pol Pot forces and Hanoi's offer of a demilitarized border with international inspection—could be put on the scales along with Vietnam's counterattacks.

At present, Vietnam is putting considerable skill and effort into reconstructing Cambodian society. This effort should be helped, because if it is conducted jointly, a better and more relaxed community could emerge. But this is precisely what Peking wants to prevent: indeed, Deng Xiaoping has said that it is China's policy "to force the Vietnamese to stay in Cambodia because that way they will suffer more and more." Renewed fighting will force them to stay. It could be said that the Khmer hold simultaneously three views on the Vietnamese presence in their country: they are glad they came; they want them to stay while Pol Pot remains as an armed threat; they look forward to their leaving.

In these circumstances, helping the Vietnamese to leave will mean recognizing the reality of the liberation they assisted. Forced labor, which the majority of the population underwent, was ended. Fear still exists, but there is no longer state terrorism. Buddhism, which Pol Pot abolished (in his own remarkable phrase, "the problem of Buddhism has solved itself"), is now freely practiced again. Markets exist and money has been reintroduced, the towns are resettled to a degree. All these are political gains for the Khmer people.

To consolidate these gains, massive further aid is urgently needed, along with faster and fairer distribution. The existence of protracted warfare under conditions of scarcity will further victimize the Khmer people. American policy makers will then be judged by the company they keep; with Deng Xiaoping and Pol Pot on their side, theirs is hardly a crusade for freedom. □

REPRISE OF 1979

Big Oil Primes A New Crisis At the Pumps

FRED J. COOK

There are signs that Big Oil's thrilling 1979 melodrama for American motorists entitled Crisis to Promote Panic to Drive Up Prices is being prepared for a 1980 rerun. Gasoline lines have already made their appearance in sections of Florida, where some gas stations are open only three or four hours a day and almost all are closed on weekends. And in the Pacific Northwest, Chevron stations, which had been open in the evening, have begun to close early. The drive is clearly on for $2-a-gallon gasoline and $1.50-a-gallon heating oil.

Regarding the latter possibility, a spokesman for Attorney General Slade Gorton in Olympia, Washington, says: "Senator [Henry M.] Jackson keeps talking about $2-a-gallon gasoline. They have never been able to get such a huge jump in prices except in a crisis situation, and so we anticipate there will be another shortage this year."

The signs are already visible, especially in Florida. Along a strip of the East Coast running north from Palm Beach and

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in some other sections along the West Coast, scenes of 1979 have already been repeated. One vacationing Northerner on the East Coast writes: "Gas is difficult to get . . . we go out early in the morning to get it. Saturdays and Sundays, there is none." Another woman tells of rising early, then waiting half an hour in a gas line and deciding that she and her husband will abandon plans for their usual trip down to the Keys. These experiences are typical. Our own investigation shows that the East Florida Gold Coast is exhibiting all the gasoline-line traumas that were so familiar in the nation during the phony gasoline "crisis" of 1979.

All of the available evidence indicates that this is an industry-contrived panic. It is true that Florida experienced an abnormal influx of "snowbirds" from the North. The best estimates are that there were 200,000 more cars in South Florida this winter than there were a year ago. At the same time, figures show that demand for gasoline is down some 2.25 percent. Interviews with tourists indicate the reasons for the drop. All are running scared, especially in view of media warnings that some stations may shut down completely without prior notice. None want to get stuck away from their home bases with near-empty gas tanks—and therefore many have cut out the trips they usually make to visit vacationing friends or relatives. Others, if they travel, go by car pool.

All of this is taking place in Florida despite the evidence that storage tanks at Port Everglades on the East Coast and Tampa on the West are full to bursting. Tankers are often reported waiting offshore until storage space can be found to absorb their supplies. Figures provided by the Florida Department of Transportation point up the following curious anomaly: *more* gas was released from Port Everglades during the nontourist season, *less* during the peak winter months. In fact, the highest volume of gasoline released from Port Everglades occurred in the decidedly off-month of August 1979, when 4,036,487 gallons were made available. By contrast, the figure for January 1980 was 3,774,000 gallons.

Interviews with a broad cross section of gas station owners show that they are as boiling mad as the public at the industry-contrived crisis. They point out that the big oil companies set the retail prices (now up to $1.20 or more a gallon for regular), but dealers are limited to the same gross profit margin of 16 cents a gallon that they were getting when gasoline was selling for 70 cents. They agree unanimously that the reason for the shortages lies in the disruption of the delivery system. Wholesalers and their retailers all tell the same story. Time and again, tank trucks pull up at the major terminals and are turned away with the announcement: "No gas released today." This deliberate disruption of the supply system strangles local gas stations and forces early closings.

All of this is taking place in Florida at a time when the nation is literally awash in oil. On February 21, even as gas lines were appearing in Florida, a spokesman for the American Petroleum Institute (the industry's official mouthpiece and lobbying arm) acknowledged: "Crude stocks are the highest in history." East Coast states (this would certainly include Florida) had gasoline supplies totaling seventy-three million barrels (forty-two gallons to the barrel), the highest amount since January 1978. And 1978 was the year of the oil glut—the year when there was so much of the stuff Big Oil couldn't even get gasoline prices up to permitted ceiling prices; the year when regular gasoline was selling for 59.9 cents a gallon.

The deeper one looks, the more the mysteries multiply. *The Wall Street Journal* reported on February 19: "West Coast Oil Glut Turns Into a Shortage as Everyone Covets Bargain Alaska Crude." The article explained that West Coast refineries that have been modified to handle the higher-sulfur crude from the North Slope fields now can't get enough of the crude to run at full capacity because the oil is being shipped elsewhere. Where? Some 500,000 barrels a day are going through the Panama Canal to refineries in the Gulf of Mexico.

Presumably, a lot of that oil goes to nearby Florida terminals, where, despite abundance, gasoline lines have appeared. At the same time, the 500,000 barrel-a-day diversion from the West Coast has left some refineries operating as much as 25 percent below capacity. Though West Coast refineries are processing more Alaskan crude than they did last year, industry sources estimate they could use an additional 150,000 to 200,000 barrels a day.

So we are left with the mystery of gasoline lines in the midst of plenty in Florida and cutbacks in the midst of plenty on the West Coast. The dual byplay suggests that Big Oil is setting the stage for a reprise of their 1979 hit. And it raises the questions: Just how badly are we being manipulated? Where will all this manipulation end?

An idea of what the future may hold and how it may be contrived for us can best be gained by a look at the manner in which the American public was gored in the phony "Iranian shortfall" crisis of 1979. (See Cook, "How Big Oil Turned Off the Gas," *The Nation*, August 4, 1979.) The full story of that deception and manipulation is now beginning to emerge, thanks to two government reports.

One of the most devastating analyses of the way Big Oil produces a crisis, shortages and gas lines in the midst of plenty may be found in a little-noted report issued by the Washington State Attorney General's office last October 29, entitled "Preliminary Report on the Gasoline Shortage."* The office is pressing an antitrust case against major oil companies, charging collusion and price-fixing in the Pacific Coast Pad V region (Alaska, Arizona, California, Hawaii, Oregon and Washington) during the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo "crisis." It found the 1979 gasoline-line trauma to have been a virtual replay of the 1973-74 panic, which produced the first big jump in oil prices.

The 1979 study was prompted by the need to answer a logical and obvious question: Why should horrendous gasoline lines have appeared *first* on the West Coast at the very time the West Coast was being flooded with so much North Slope oil that officials had been worrying what to do with it?

*Available in a report issued by the Committee on Government Operations of the House of Representatives of the 96th Congress entitled *Progress of the Federal Trade Commission's Investigation into the Gasoline-Supply Situation.*

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When Washington state investigators tried to get some explanation for this obvious contradiction, they found the U.S. Department of Energy throwing up a roadblock on behalf of the oil companies. The D.O.E. claimed that all the information it had obtained from the oil companies was "proprietary" and, therefore, confidential. "To date D.O.E. has not provided source data, summaries or reports sufficient to explain the roots and causes of the 1979 shortage, either to the public or to law enforcement officials," the report charged.

The report found that major oil companies started to allocate supplies to West Coast outlets early in 1979. The oil companies were later to claim that the Energy Department was responsible for some area shortages resulting from snafus in the allocation system, but the Washington state investigation found that the department was only a paper front for the oil companies. It declared: "While gas allocations are accomplished through D.O.E., the requests to commence allocations, the statistical data on which allocations have been based and the calculation of the details of the actual allocations all have originated with the oil companies themselves. D.O.E. did not originate the allocations and did not base them on independently gathered or audited data. . . ."

Washington state's independent investigation showed that every one of the industry's explanations for the shortages collapsed when subjected to closer scrutiny:

§ *Consumption.* This was 1.8 percent higher in the first five months of 1979 in the Pad V region. But "gasoline *output* was 4.9 percent greater in 1979 than in 1978." How did so much gas in excess of consumption result in a shortage? Unanswered question.

§ *The "Iranian shortfall."* The industry's own data showed that "there have been virtually no imports of Iranian crude into Pad V since 1977." So why did lines form *first* on the West Coast? "There has been no satisfactory answer to this question," the report concluded.

§ *Refinery incapacity.* The industry argued that West Coast refineries were not equipped to handle the heavier crude from the North Slope. The Washington investigation found: "Washington's largest refinery, Arco's Cherry Point refinery, was specifically designed to handle Alaskan crude, and our investigation indicates a similar situation as to all of the largest West Coast refineries."

§ *Residual oil glut.* The industry argued that there was such a glut of residual oils (heating and diesel oils) that refineries had no place to store gasoline in sufficient quantity. The Washington probe found, on the contrary, that "residual stocks actually decreased in 1978 and 1979. Even more striking is an analysis of the price of residual product, which has *increased* in 1978-79 from $10 a barrel to over $23 a barrel. Such a price increase, absent an antitrust conspiracy, is hardly the predictable result of [the claimed] glut of a product in the market."

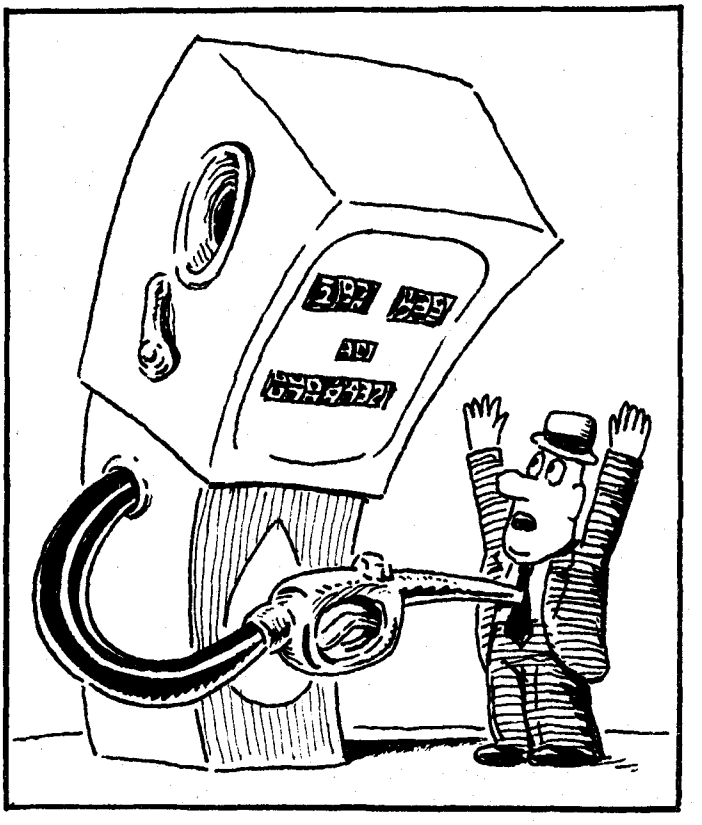
The total collapse of the industry's arguments compelled the Washington researchers to conclude that the gasoline panic of 1979 could only have occurred through collusion among the major oil companies with the intent to drive prices up—a maneuver that succeeded in sending gasoline prices soaring above the $1-a-gallon level.

Even more devastating to the Carter Administration's credibility was a Treasury Department analysis prepared by Cathryn Goddard and J.G. Polach entitled "The Implications of the Iranian Crisis for the World Petroleum Situation."* At a time when Energy Secretary James Schlesinger was creating scare headlines by trumpeting that the "Iranian shortfall" might create a crisis worse than the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo, Goddard and Polach found that increased oil production from other OPEC countries and vastly increased non-OPEC production had actually given us more oil, not less. Their report was deliberately quashed on the orders of Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal. Brock Adams, then Secretary of Transportation, had taken issue with the energy crisis-higher price policy of the Administration, arguing that it would send inflation through the roof, which it did. The criticism sent President Carter through the roof. Blumenthal's assistant, Daniel Brill, promptly issued an order to keep the Treasury study "under tight control" and avoid leaks because there had been "adverse comment at yesterday's Cabinet meeting about a Brock Adams statement on energy supplies and Mike doesn't want anything attributed to Treasury staff that undercuts the official position."

The report analyzes the additional supplies the five U.S. majors obtained from OPEC and new sources and concludes: "It is, therefore, reasonable to assume that they entered the first quarter of 1979 with a considerable crude surplus, compared to average crude supplies they received in the first half of 1978."

The industry contention that crude oils replacing Iranian crudes were heavier and more costly to refine was the very opposite of the truth, Goddard and Polach found. They

*Reprinted in the House Government Operations Committee report previously cited.



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cited a 1977 estimate that Nigerian crude could be processed for $1.50 a barrel cheaper than Arabian crude "because of lower sulfur content." Substituting Algeria's Saharan blend for Iran's Light (actually a heavier crude) "will increase the yield of gasolines by 7 percent per barrel of throughput, including an increase in the yield of unleaded by 2 percent," they wrote. "When Nigerian Light is substituted for Iran's Light, the yield in mid-distillates goes up by 12 percent and that of gasolines by 3.4 percent."

Goddard and Polach found that

> Iran's shortfall in exports has not produced any real shortage of crude in the United States. The substitution of African and North Sea crudes improved the yields in gasoline and mid-distillates [and] actually decreases the crude requirements. . . .

Concluding that all the evidence showed the oil companies "were still maximizing their profits," Goddard strongly recommended another, more thorough study of four basic factors. They were: "the actual supply cost of crude and refined products"; a complete examination of inventories, including supplies transported or stored on water; "the full scope and cost of export refiners' operations" and "the major international oil companies' and their trading affiliates' participation in the crude spot market as well as the refined product export markets."

Those four points struck at the heart of the whole issue of multibillion-dollar rip-offs of the American economy by the oil cartel. A conscientious Administration, having had the elements of the problem pointed out to it, certainly would have sought the answers. But not this Administration. Goddard, going over the head of her immediate superior, appealed directly to Deputy Assistant Secretary John Karlik to have her report seriously considered and studied on the highest level. It was not a popular move. "We did not leak the report," she said recently, "but after *The* [*Washington*] *Post* forced it out [with a Freedom of Information Act suit], things were not too comfortable. There is a real need for the highest level to have access to information, but it was never dealt with at that level. In an open government, everything should be studied."

The trouble was, of course, that Jimmy Carter, despite his protestations when he was running for office, does not conduct "an open government." Goddard was thus made the villain of the piece in order to discredit her. Faced with the threat that her job would be abolished, she resigned.

Is all this recent history a foretaste of the future? In all probability. The winter gas lines in Florida seem all too reminiscent of the manner in which, in 1979, gasoline lines popped up on the West Coast in the midst of plenty. And even on the West Coast today, there are small, disturbing signs. Anthony White, an assistant in Attorney General Gorton's office and one of the authors of the report on the 1979 gas "crisis," says there were industry rumblings that shortages might crop up again in February or March. It didn't happen, apparently because the West Coast was almost drowning in excess oil. But recently White has noticed some disturbing symptoms. No gasoline lines have appeared, but service stations that had been staying open until 10 or 11 o'clock in the evening began to close at 5. "One night recently," White said, "I tried to get gas at 6:30 P.M. and couldn't find a single Chevron station open. In all of Olympia, out of some twenty-five to thirty stations, only one was open."

The Washington Attorney General's office is backing a bill introduced in the legislature to force divestiture by the oil companies. Maryland has already passed such an act, which has been upheld in the courts. The proposed Washington measure would force the major oils to abandon their grip on the resale market by providing for the strict private ownership of stations. As White sees it, the major oil companies are engaged in "joint ventures all up and down the line," but the key is the retail outlets. "Price-fixing at wholesale and upstream levels is monitored and policed at the retail level," he explains.

The divestiture proposal is, of course, anathema to Big Oil. The oil lobby has descended like a bunch of locusts on the Washington legislature, and the betting now is that the divestiture measure will be tied up and die in committee. "We think there are enough votes in the legislature to pass the bill if it can ever be gotten to the floor," White says, "but the oil lobby has been so effective it seems the members of the legislature may never get the opportunity to vote on it. If the bill is bottled up, the labor unions in the state have promised to finance a campaign for an initiative, calling for a public vote on the measure. I hope the unions go through with it, but you can imagine the kind of oil-lobbying effort that would touch off. Divestiture is a small step, really. The oil companies are into coal, copper and almost everything else. But this is one thing we might do on the local level to help put some small limit on things."

Needless to say, the Federal Government could do much more. In the days of Theodore Roosevelt, the U.S. Justice Department, not the Pad V states, wielded the antitrust weapon; but in the times of Jimmy Carter, Justice dozes, as does the D.O.E., and Big Oil is left free to plan the next "crisis" if it wishes and if that is necessary to drive gasoline up to $2 a gallon. □

ABM

(Continued From Front Cover)

posed to ours, so let us create a framework in which our mutual threats will cancel the ability of either of us to use our nuclear weapons. Deterrence could only work if both partners signaled their agreement.

At the international level, deterrence worked, in the sense that no nuclear wars between the superpowers have taken place. Yet at the national level, deterrence is having a rough time. For the theory requires that national constituents like defense contractors and generals be deprived of what they want in order to continue to fashion understandings with

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another country that has been deemed an enemy. Given its authoritarian internal system, the Soviet leadership has been able to force its military men grudgingly to accept deterrence. But within the United States, a battle against deterrence theory has been in full swing since 1973, and it looks as if the opposition has finally won.

Deterrence turns the world upside down. What appears obvious to the untrained eye takes on a different meaning when refracted through the lens of deterrence theory. For example, deterrence posits that nuclear weapons should be directed against the cities of the enemy, not against its missile sites. At first glance, the idea of taking deliberate aim at cities appears a barbarian thing to do, for the people who live in those cities are innocent of aggressive designs. But under deterrence theory, aiming at cities, called by the experts in these matters "countervalue," makes more sense than the alternative of "counterforce": aiming at the enemy's own missiles. It makes no strategic sense to send missiles to sites that would be empty holes if the missiles inside them had already been launched. For this reason, counterforce is of necessity a pre-emptive strategy, for the missiles must be in their silos for it to make sense. Therefore, in order for deterrence to work, counterforce doctrines must be rejected and both sides must agree to aim their missiles at the cities of the other.

Second, deterrence cannot work if either side develops an antiballistic missile capability. An ABM system is designed to intercept an enemy's missiles while in flight and destroy them before they reach their target. To the layman, ABMs seem like the essence of defensive weapons, not aggressive tactics, but from the standpoint of deterrence theory it works the other way around. If the United States possessed an ABM capability, it could destroy the credibility of the Soviet threat to retaliate (and vice versa). ABMs, by destroying the threat to retaliate, transform second-strike missiles into effective counterforce weapons. By negating the ability of one side to threaten the other, an ABM system removes the deterrent to one side attacking the other first. There can be no mutual confidence in a deterrence framework if one side develops a workable ABM.

The United States has long felt ambivalent about an antiballistic system. Clinging to the World War II memory of fighter planes destroying enemy bombers before they could unload their bombs, America began tinkering with ABMs at the dawn of the nuclear era. In the late 1950s, plans were completed to construct a Nike-Zeus system. When Robert McNamara became Defense Secretary in 1961, he assigned an "urgent priority" to the Zeus system, but by 1967 he was having second thoughts. McNamara finally announced that America's ABM would be directed against the Chinese —deterrence theory was not operative with them—and that it would be kept small. Congress approved an ABM system called Safeguard in 1970, but it was designed to protect missiles, not cities. For this reason it was deemed compatible with deterrence theory.

Even the Safeguard system, however, was viewed by the Nixon Administration as too risky and potentially destabilizing. The Russians agreed. Consequently, in 1972, the two sides signed a treaty that limited each superpower to two ABM systems. (Burt of *The Times*, who is generally accurate on these matters, fails to inform his readers, while discussing the musings of the "senior Defense Department official," that an amendment in 1974 reduced the number to one.) For all intents and purposes, the 1972 agreement, as modified, amounted to a "flat prohibition" of ABM systems, as Michael Mandelbaum, an arms control specialist at Harvard University, rightly said. Each side maintained its one system, the Russians near Moscow and the Americans near Grand Forks, North Dakota, until the Americans dismantled theirs in 1975. But it was an exercise in futility since such a limited ABM system is meaningless. For an ABM system to be of any use, it would have to "take out" all incoming missiles, and constructing such a system was beyond the economic ability of either side. In the end, the absurdly high cost of an effective ABM "umbrella" was a primary reason that both sides could agree to all but abolish them.

Given the negative features of the ABM, which led both the Johnson and Nixon Administrations to consign it to the oblivion it deserves, why is the Pentagon bringing up the idea once again? The answer lies in the fate of SALT II and its first cousin, the MX missile.

There is considerable sentiment in Washington in favor of the United States assuming a new strategic posture, "beyond deterrence." Unhappy with a world in which the Soviet Union has rough strategic parity with the United States, American military planners have been urging that this country renounce (or substantially modify) the doctrine. Their pleas have been listened to, for deterrence implies strong executive leadership that can talk down the vested interests that demand offensive weapons, and President Carter has shown no ability to do this the way Richard Nixon and John Kennedy did. The abandonment of deterrence began with James Schlesinger's discovery of counterforce when he was Secretary of Defense (Schlesinger was fired by Nixon for undermining détente), and it has culminated with the decision to deploy the MX. Deterrence, as far as Washington is concerned, is becoming a dead letter.

A recent article in *The New Yorker* by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York was a subtle valedictory. The Senator's point was that while the United States has always preserved its faith in deterrence, the Soviet Union never did. Consequently, he argues, we were basing our planning upon an assumption that they were in agreement with us, when they never were. As evidence, Moynihan points to the Soviet decision to produce large numbers of heavy missiles, which, he claims, will soon be able to destroy our land-based ICBMs. (This, by the way, is the same argument used by the "senior Defense Department official" in urging the revival of the ABM.) Thus, Moynihan reluctantly

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concludes, since the Russians are planning to embrace the counterforce doctrine, we must accordingly give up the dream of deterrence and train our own counterforce missiles on theirs.

Moynihan's article is unconsciously revealing. His claim about Russian intentions makes little sense. If the Russians truly wanted to wipe out our land-based ICBMs, they would have to launch a perfect strike against all 1,054. If only one were missed, it could take off and wipe out a medium-sized Russian city. Moreover, Moynihan's scenario assumes that American radar does not detect the Russian attack; if it did, our missiles would be in the air before theirs arrived. But, even assuming that all our missiles are wiped out, totally by surprise—that is, given the worst possible case—the fact is that the United States still has a deterrent: missiles on submarines and on planes. So long as they exist, a Russian leader would have to accept the destruction of Soviet society as we know it merely to destroy only one part of our strategic triad. Deterrence, in a word, is still in place. Moynihan's article reveals, therefore, very little about Russian intentions, but much about American attitudes. As is so often the case in these matters, the Senator is projecting—attributing his own motives to another. What he is really saying is that the United States has given up on deterrence and is looking for an ex post facto rationalization.

Further evidence for this point of view is contained in an interview with Zbigniew Brzezinski published in *The New York Times* on March 30. Calling for "effective deterrence," the national security adviser backhandedly endorsed American planning for limited nuclear war in order "to give us a wider range of options than either a spasmodic nuclear exchange or a limited conventional war." Such "options" are designed to upset the laboriously constructed strategic balance between the United States and the U.S.S.R.

Consider this seemingly outlandish proposition: the formal mechanism by which the United States renounced deterrence was the SALT II treaty. Let me explain. Carter insisted from the start that the price he was willing to pay in order to obtain the Senate hawks' votes for SALT was the development of the MX missile, the one "new" system allowed each side under the treaty. But the MX, as Moynihan acknowledges, is without question a counterforce weapon. Therefore, the Administration was in a position of agreeing to deploy a missile that undermined the logic of the treaty in order to win approval of the treaty. If you were sitting in the Kremlin, what would you conclude? Since missiles kill people, not treaties, one could only conclude that Carter was deliberately renouncing a deterrence strategy that the Russians were still committed to. What may have prompted the Russians to give up on détente à la Carter, in other words, was not that SALT II would fail but that it would pass. The decision to go ahead with the MX, especially when combined with the deployment of Pershings in Europe (see Wolfe, "No Glicims for NATO," *The Nation*, November 24, 1979), removed one of the two props —avoidance of a counterforce weapon—that made deterrence possible.

At this point the story becomes even more bizarre. When Carter withdrew the SALT treaty from consideration after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, he also withdrew the rationale for building the MX. The missile and the treaty were symbiotically linked. With SALT restrictions lifted, the Russians could put enough warheads on their existing missiles to wipe out the entire MX system even before it was built. Moreover, the whole point of making the gizmo mobile was to allow the Russians to verify the number of missiles at prearranged times and shunt them among concealing shelters the rest of the time. Already stories are coming out of Washington that the failure to approve SALT II dooms the MX. *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker, for one, has pointed out that building the MX without SALT is a folly so great that even the Pentagon is given pause.

Those trying to prevent a nuclear war, then, can only be pleased by the failure of SALT, for it undermines the case for the most dangerous counterforce weapon in the American arsenal. Think of what the loss of SALT does to those who want to renounce deterrence. First-strike advocates may now lose the weapon that would have announced to the Russians that America had assumed a new strategic posture. All along we were told that the MX was the price for SALT, but it turns out that SALT was the price for the MX. If planners could have their counterforce weapon, what a small price to pay—an arms control treaty that would be irrelevant anyway. Having lost the treaty, they have also lost the ability to reject one of the assumptions of deterrence theory.

But there is another assumption. Moynihan is helpful here, for he argues that deterrence can be undermined only in two ways. (Remember that he is supposed to be talking about the Russians.) First, "If the adversary possessed an offensive weapon that could destroy the missile force aimed at his cities—which is to say a counterforce weapon—then . . . his destruction could not be assured, and he could become aggressive and threatening." If the MX is out of the picture, Moynihan's second method of undermining deterrence becomes the only possibility: "If the adversary developed and deployed a defensive weapon—an ABM—that could protect his cities, then his destruction would not be assured and he could become aggressive and threatening." That is all we need to know. Once American planners lost their ability to undermine deterrence by being deprived of a counterforce weapon, they started to announce plans to reconsider the ABM. Recent Pentagon pronouncements about reviving expensive and dangerous ABM systems indicate how desperate Washington is to destabilize the strategic relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union.

It could be that the new talk about an ABM is a "bargaining chip" for a new round of negotiations with the Russians. (Nixon used the ABM this way.) Is this the time to be playing such games? Any new ABM system, as Burt notes, would mean breaking the 1972 treaty with the Russians, one of the three arms control agreements that has been successful (SALT I and the Test Ban Treaty are the others). No Administration in its right mind could contemplate a return to an ABM defense. This statement does not preclude the possibility that the current one may do so. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A Book Held Hostage

THOMAS POWERS

COUNTERCOUP: The Struggle for the Control of Iran. *By Kermit Roosevelt. McGraw-Hill. Withdrawn from publication.*

His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Riza Shah Pahlevi, Aryamehr, Shahanshah of Iran, did not cut a figure as imposing as his titles in the coup which saved his throne—for a time—back in August 1953. The coup wasn't his idea. He felt himself a prisoner in his own palace, was afraid to speak his mind even outdoors, shrank in royal circumlocution from the frank urging of his twin sister, Princess Ashraf, that the time had come to act. The British had put the Shah in power in 1941, when he was just 21, but had since written him off as hopelessly irresolute. A British diplomat proposed a "pendulum theory" to explain the Shah's erratic soaring and plunging. In one mood he felt as dazzling as the gorgeous medals on his royal chest; he even told a French interviewer, years later, that God, personally, told him what to do. But the Shah's sense of destiny was only wind; he might go to bed a king and wake up in self-doubt and despondency, certain all was lost. He was far from being the ideal sort of man to seize power from a popular demagogue, but there was no one else in 1953 when the British and the Americans decided that Mohammed Mossadegh was slipping into the Russian orbit, and had to go.

Of course this is not quite the way Kermit Roosevelt describes the Shah in *Countercoup*. Restoring the Shah to power is probably the happiest memory of Roosevelt's life, and he is the friendliest of historians. But there is no disguising the tremulous man at the heart of Roosevelt's short, interesting, but problematic account of the events which have been rankling the Iranian national pride ever since.

About 500 copies of Roosevelt's book had reached reviewers and bookstores last September when his publisher, McGraw-Hill, threatened with a libel suit in England by British Petroleum, abruptly canceled the book's official publication and recalled the copies which had already gone out. The entire edition of 7,500—less the few hundred beyond McGraw-Hill's reach—was then pulped, for a loss of about $1.50 a copy. Second thoughts are not often so dramatic. Roosevelt, it appeared, had run afoul of Britain's Official Secrets Act in his original manuscript when he ascribed a role in the coup to the Secret Intelligence Service. The S.I.S. protested to the Central Intelligence Agency, which then insisted that Roosevelt remove all references to British intelligence in the published version of his book. Since the British role had been a large one—even greater than Roosevelt had been ready to acknowledge—this left a considerable gap in the story. Roosevelt solved the problem by simply substituting A.I.O.C.—the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company—for S.I.S. As the successor to the A.I.O.C., British Petroleum protested. Hence the book's withdrawal, so McGraw-Hill could print a new version amending the record.

According to a source at McGraw-Hill, Roosevelt went back to the C.I.A., and the C.I.A. went back to the S.I.S., and it was agreed all around that the best way out of the mess was to publish the first version of the manuscript, which correctly ascribed a role to the British. This time, encouraged by a book club sale, McGraw-Hill printed 15,000 copies and scheduled publication for January. But after the U.S. Embassy was occupied by Iranian militants last November, Roosevelt asked McGraw-Hill to hold up distribution once again, until after the hostages were freed. The new copies of *Countercoup*—apparently identical to the first except for the naming of the S.I.S.—are now sitting in a McGraw-Hill warehouse, as much the hostages of recent history as the fifty Americans being held in Teheran.

The C.I.A.'s role in the 1953 coup has been an open secret since the late 1950s, one of the two public "successes," along with the Guatemalan coup of 1954, habitually cited by the partisans of covert political intervention as a tool in the cold war. One heard that Roosevelt had pulled off the coup pretty much on his own, with a handful of C.I.A. officers and a suitcase full of money. This is still the way Roosevelt describes the operation in *Countercoup*, ignoring, for the most part, the long debate over Iran in the White House and State Department, and passing lightly over the confused political events in Teheran which precipitated the coup. The little he has to say on these matters comes down to sketching in the cast of characters. His associates are also scanted; he not only changes the names, and in some cases the physical descriptions, of other C.I.A. officers but also reduces them to little more than walk-ons. More surprisingly, Roosevelt completely omits the parts played by Frank Wisner, then Roosevelt's boss as deputy director for plans, and by Wisner's chief of operations, Richard Helms. The U.S. Ambassador to Iran, Loy Henderson, is described by Roosevelt as being prissily nervous, and the British are left shadowy in the background. They proposed the project (apparently to Roosevelt himself) in London in November 1952, and thereafter were content with a secondary role in charge of radio communications maintained through a base on Cyprus.

The story Roosevelt tells, stripped of just about all its institutional trappings, has a lighthearted air, as if two or three fellows, not long out of school, had adroitly pulled the whole thing off with a word here, a few dollars there, a little bucking up at the crucial moment. This version of events is not so much untrue as it is incomplete, offhand and unreflective, the sort of story an old man might set down for the pleasure of his grandchildren.

Roosevelt does not make a point of it, but the C.I.A.'s coup was very much the doing of President Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles, who dismissed Mossadegh's claims as an Iranian nationalist, and chose to conclude that secret Russian influence was the source of Iran's squabble over oil with Britain, which, in fact, had balked at negotiating a new and more equitable oil concession. Eventually Iran nationalized the A.I.O.C., the British were expelled, and Mossadegh went to Truman and Dean Acheson for support and understanding. In late 1952 State Department

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analysts concluded that he deserved both.

All that changed with Administrations. Roosevelt had already begun to plan the coup in the last months of Truman's term, and he got an O.K. to go ahead from the Dulles brothers in June 1953. In July he slipped secretly into Iran by car from Iraq, set up headquarters in a private house in Teheran (other sources say the basement of the U.S. military mission), and proceeded to line up Iranian support for a switch from Mossadegh to Gen. Fazlollah Zahedi, who had been interned during the war by the British on suspicion of pro-Nazi sympathies. The charges appear to have been only a convenient pretext for the British, but all the same, Roosevelt and Zahedi conversed in German, since Roosevelt had "practically no Farsi." (On the evidence of his book, the only Farsi he did have was "Zindabad Shah"—"Long live the Shah.")

Roosevelt's plan for the coup was very far from later heavy-handed C.I.A. efforts involving paramilitary operations, military rebellions, émigré armies and the like. He proposed that the Shah simply dismiss Mossadegh, which he had a clear constitutional right to do, but which was risky because Mossadegh was more popular than the monarchy. The Shah required a great deal of coaxing; the pendulum seems to have been at the self-doubting end of its arc. Roosevelt's description of their meetings richly suggests the flattery and appeals to self-esteem he must have resorted to at the time. The royal figure he describes is virtually carved in marble; it is only between the lines, and from other sources, that we can see the wavering man of flesh and blood. But finally the Shah was convinced that a loyal military unit, led by the chief of his imperial bodyguard, Col. Nematollah Nassiry (later head of Savak), could successfully deliver the royal *firman* dismissing Mossadegh and appointing Zahedi in his place.

The attempt was made on Saturday, August 15, 1953, and it failed. Mossadegh had learned of the plan through a spy in the Shah's camp—apparently a double agent trusted by the C.I.A.—and Colonel Nassiry was confronted by a hostile military unit when he arrived at Mossadegh's official residence. The undaunted Colonel bluffed his way through the troops, delivered the *firman* to a house servant, and even demanded a receipt before surrendering to arrest by his opponents. The following morning, Sunday, August 16, Mossadegh announced on the radio that he was taking full control of the Government, in effect deposing the Shah.

At this point Zahedi was still in hiding, the Shah instantly fled the country. (Roosevelt disingenuously calls it a strategic retreat) and the C.I.A.'s coup appeared to have collapsed. But three days later, a mob of Iranians, hired with C.I.A. funds (Roosevelt says the figure was roughly $75,000, but another source claims it was much higher), marched on Mossadegh's residence and was backed up at the critical moment by a military unit. General Zahedi emerged from hiding, having been helped into his uniform by a C.I.A. officer, Howard ("Rocky") Stone, who buttoned his tunic. Mossadegh fled over a wall at the end of his garden, and the Shah prepared to return from his two days of exile in Rome. The night of the coup, General Zahedi's son, Ardeshir (who later became something of a Washington celebrity as the Shah's ambassador), went up to Stone at a victory party and said, "We're in. . . . We're in. . . . What do we do now?" The Shah himself, after his return, told Roosevelt, "I owe my throne to God, my people, my army—and to you!"

On his way home, Roosevelt stopped off in London and described these events to Winston Churchill, who was in bed recovering from a stroke; the P.M. dozed off periodically during the story, but complimented Roosevelt handsomely at the end. In Washington that September, Roosevelt repeated his story for Eisenhower and the Dulles brothers. "John Foster Dulles was leaning back in his chair. Despite his posture, he was anything but sleepy. His eyes were gleaming; he seemed to be purring like a giant cat." Later, Eisenhower secretly awarded Roosevelt the National Security Medal.

The story Roosevelt tells in *Countercoup* seems to be pretty much the story he told the old adventurer Churchill, a matter of confusion, intrigue, near misses, nail-biting, sudden triumph—a salty political string puller's yarn, rich in circumstantial detail, but so thin in context as to reduce the coup to a kind of international high jinks. This can be explained partly by Roosevelt's temperament, which still retains much of the undergraduate's enthusiasm for the exotic, the thrilling and the faraway. He is at his most appealing describing an opium factory which he visited in 1944 as an officer in the O.S.S. At the center of a subterranean chamber was a huge millstone turned by a camel. Roosevelt could not imagine how the camel had been coaxed and squeezed down the narrow winding stone passage to the grinding room. A kind of golly-gee-whiz air attaches to this passage, appropriate to a traveler's tale, but jarring when it carries over into the later account of political intervention.

At first look the motives for the coup seem to have been transparent. Before the coup, British oil interests were expelled from Iran. After the coup, a consortium of British and American oil companies was invited back in, with the British getting 55 percent and the Americans dividing up the remaining 45 percent among them. It is hard for an outsider to imagine that oil could have been far from the minds of the coup's planners, but according to Richard Cottam, an academic authority on Iran at the University of Pittsburgh, oil had little to do with it. The early 1950s were

STORY

When the woman in the fishing village told me
of her husband who had disappeared
and of the sea that returns and dies
at her doorstep every evening
I was silent.
I couldn't say to the shells of her eyes
your love will return
or the sea will live again.

(There are days when I cannot
find one word
to tell you.)

T. Carmi

(translated from the Hebrew by Grace Schulman)

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years of glut in the petroleum market, and one of Mossadegh's greatest problems was to find a replacement for the expelled A.I.O.C. So long as they didn't really need the oil, the majors were inclined to remain aloof in solidarity with the British. For one thing, they did not want to encourage the other Middle Eastern oil states to make similar demands.

Unlike Roosevelt, Cottam speaks Farsi and has followed events in Iran closely since an interest in Third World nationalism first took him to Teheran as a graduate student thirty years ago. "The explanation is anti-Communism," he said in an interview. "Roosevelt and Loy Henderson both saw Communists everywhere, and found it impossible to believe there might be liberal nationalists in Iran just as there are in the West. I've read all the documents, and when they're eventually declassified you won't find any conspiracy to get Iran's oil. The basic motive was fear of Communism. It's the old story."

According to Cottam and other experts on Iran, the Tudeh Party was small, well-organized and controlled by Moscow, but it did not support Mossadegh or any other leader of the "national front," which was a loose coalition of mostly educated, middle-class Iranians in favor of modernization and hostile to the Shah's embryonic (in 1953) ambitions to restore Iran to its ancient imperial glory. Roosevelt often cites the role of the Tudeh Party as proof of Mossadegh's ties to Russia, but in fact the two were hostile and Mossadegh actually ordered the army to chase the Tudeh off the streets the day before he was overthrown. Cottam does not sentimentalize the Tudeh or attempt to minimize its conspiratorial nature and hostility to Western interests. A year after the coup, a secret ring of some 400 Iranian Army officers (many American-trained) was discovered to be under Tudeh control. But Tudeh and the national front were poles apart, and U.S. fears of a Soviet takeover in Iran through Mossadegh were purely chimerical.

Roosevelt presumably rejects this interpretation of events, but he offers only the most casual and factually unadorned charges of Soviet-Tudeh-Mossadegh collusion to support his own view. The odd thing here is that the United States, without significant interests in Iran before the coup, should have adopted the myopic, condescending and self-serving British view of nationalists whose most radical claim was of a right to be treated as sovereign equals. Stranger still is the fact that the United States, the world's oldest Republic with a written constitution, should have thrown its support to a monarch with archaic aspirations to absolute power. This strange infatuation can only be explained by a kind of schoolboy's awe of imperial pomp and circumstance, and the air of bubbling confidence in Roosevelt's book suggests he has still not found the time, nor the occasion, to question seriously whether we supported the right side in Iran twenty-five years ago for the right reasons. Iran was backward, foreign and far away, and that, for Roosevelt, was reason enough to jettison that loyalty to democratic principles he would have insisted on (one hopes) as a matter of course for his own country. This carelessness made him in effect, though probably not in manner, both arrogant and cavalier.

But *Countercoup* is not a book about policy; why we did what we did does not detain Roosevelt for long. It is a book about clandestine technique, a kind of guide for covert political manipulation. Other C.I.A. people say Roosevelt has

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misrepresented events in a number of ways, slighting the role of key figures, misrepresenting the positions held by some C.I.A. employees and minimizing both the initial failure of August 15-16 and the importance of luck in the success of August 19. One C.I.A. officer involved in the coup has been privately circulating a seven-page critique of Roosevelt's version of events. The exact truth about what happened is of course difficult for an outsider to pin down, but even so it is clear that this was a political, not a military undertaking. It shares nothing with the crude military approach of the United States to the Bay of Pigs, or of Russia in Afghanistan. It can be argued that Roosevelt backed the wrong horse, in the long run, but at least it was an Iranian horse. The Americans served an important role as catalyst in the coup, but we did not carry it out ourselves, and we were never in a position thereafter to back up our allies with the sanction of arms, as Russia has done in East Germany, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Whatever it was that Roosevelt really did, he did it with a light touch, which was for the most part unnoticed at the time.

Roosevelt has argued, in *Countercoup* and newspaper interviews, that his success in Iran fatally dazzled Eisenhower and the Dulles brothers. A second "success" in Guatemala the following year, from which that country has never recovered, led inevitably to later failures in Syria in 1957, Indonesia in 1958 and Cuba in 1961, because the Dulles brothers had grown fond of the quick and dirty approach without regard to the real strength of local allies. Covert political manipulation of the sort that worked in Iran offered policy makers the one thing they couldn't resist —their way. If foreign leaders balked at the American view of matters, the C.I.A. could simply brush them aside. When political measures failed to do the trick, a military approach was tried instead. By superficially logical steps the handful of men working for Roosevelt in Teheran grew into the exile army of Cubans that failed at the Bay of Pigs. Roosevelt probably exaggerates his opposition to the habit of intervention; he was still around for Operation WAKEFUL in Syria, by then Wisner's assistant deputy director of plans, with two legendary C.I.A. adventurers as associates, Miles Copeland and Tracy Barnes. But the ghastly failure of WAKEFUL, which ended with the arrest (and in many cases the execution) of the C.I.A.'s local allies, must have confirmed Roosevelt's feeling that the ingredients of a successful coup had to be at least 90 percent of native origin.

Someday an Iranian historian, writing in Farsi, will explain what happened in 1953, giving due weight to the conflict of Islamic conservatism with the forces of Westernization which somehow opened a side door to the Shah, and allowed him to rule for twenty-five years. The revolution seems to have returned Iran to square one. The Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, with his brooding, evasive eyes, and President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, in his European suits, suggest an Iranian national schizophrenia beside which the Shah was an aberration and an irrelevance. Roosevelt put his thumb on the scale the last time the balance teetered in equilibrium, and one imagines that the Washington hard-liners who want to "unleash" the C.I.A. would like to try again. But we ought to have learned there is no such thing as fixity in political arrangements.

Memory, on the other hand, is long. No one likes to see his country prodded and pulled by outsiders who can barely speak the language. The extraordinary hatred many Iranians feel for the United States was certainly not intended or anticipated by Roosevelt and his associates, but it was their doing all the same. By its nature a coup makes a handful of friends, and a great many enemies. The Shah was an Iranian, and he ruled with an Iranian Army and an Iranian secret police. It was not the dithyrambs of Nixon and Carter that kept him in power. But the coup indelibly marked the Shah as a creature of the United States, and committed Washington to his success long after his real power had eroded.

C.I.A. people would argue that the case of Iran proves the importance of secrecy. The trouble with the argument is that it obscures the heart of the American failure in Iran, which was not gabbiness on the part of Roosevelt and Allen Dulles, proud of their "success," but a deeper misreading of Iran itself. Recent events suggest we have not figured it out yet. It is this blinkered vision that is the most disturbing quality of Roosevelt's book, something it shares with a number of other C.I.A. memoirs. As a C.I.A. officer, Roosevelt was given broad operational freedom, but he was not encouraged to brood on the wisdom of what he was asked to do. That was "policy," and it was jealously guarded by the White House. The result, at Roosevelt's level, was a progressive intellectual numbness, the good soldier's devotion to the task at hand. He was more adroit than some of his successors, but like them he has little appetite for the broader question of whether what we did was really a good idea. □

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O MY AMERICA! *By Johanna Kaplan. Harper & Row. 286 pp. $10.95.*

"O my America! My new-found-land," John Donne exclaims, longing to explore and possess his new mistress. Ezra Slavin, the hero of Johanna Kaplan's *O My America!*, is equally excited by his new-found land, Mistress America. Though his explorations of her are more intellectual than physical, he possesses and is thoroughly possessed by her. A Lower East Side Jew, the son of immigrants, Slavin rises to become a noted intellectual, a sort of Percival Goodman/Alfred Kazin/Dwight Macdonald, a critical interpreter of America for Americans and a guru for the youth of the 1960s.

The novel begins with Ezra's death and then flashes back to a deft collage of his life. All three of his wives appear. First, there's Pearl, an earnest immigrant writer who gives him a son and a daughter. The son is snatched away at Pearl's death by his maternal relatives for a safe Jewish upbringing in Forest Hills. Ezra hardly notices. The daughter, Merry, through whose eyes most of the book's action is seen, remains on the Lower East Side with Ezra's ignorant peasant mother until she's rescued to live with her father's second wife, Isobel, a writer of refined Protestant style and sensibilities. Isobel bears Ezra a son, but he too disappears, in effect;

Norman Kotker is the author of Miss Rhode Island *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux).*

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Ezra brutalizes him because, by blood, it's really the boy's America, not his own. Finally, Ezra marries Georgeanne Blaikie of Hazard, Kentucky, who abandons one end of Appalachia for another—a western Massachusetts hill town where Ezra, a visiting professor at Amherst, lives in the sort of beat poverty that's native to both Appalachia and the Lower East Side. After Ezra's death, Georgeanne takes their son to an evangelical church. Ezra's children can be at home with America, but Ezra never will be until his body merges with American earth. Even then, how can he really be considered at home when his first son, a Jew, a man he's rarely seen and then only with hatred, recites a prayer written in a foreign language at his memorial service?

O My America! is a novel of manners, most of them bad. Ezra's are intolerable; he's a master of the withering put-down. Almost as bad are those of his bastard daughter Ffrenchy, nee Francesca. (Along with his wives, Ezra had acquired a mistress who bore him two daughters.) Like the 1960s' America in which she flourishes, Ffrenchy is narcissistic, ignorant of the past, oversexed and greedy to taste every possible flavor of salvation. And, like so much in both America and *O My America!*, she's wonderfully funny. Ffrenchy nurses her illegitimate daughter, Mountain Spring, in public places. She lives in a health food commune called "Carob." (Bagels, she tells Merry, are like poison.) "What *we* do," she says of her fellow cultists,

> like what we're really into, is getting together all the really highest, purest stuff from *all* the most truly enlightened beings. And like it doesn't matter where their external bodies were! I mean, they could have been anyplace. . . . *Their* external bodies were probably—well, not *every place*, but you know—like India, Asia, Tibet, Arabia—all those places.

But it's not just bad and silly manners that are exhibited—nay, flashed—in the book. There are good manners too, or at least what passes for good manners among Ezra's students and intellectual friends and among the Jews of the Lower East Side, Queens and Central Park West. The people in *O My America!* are extraordinarily real, so real in fact that at the end of the book, when the narrative arrived at Ezra's funeral, I was startled: I had forgotten that he was dead.

Johanna Kaplan, who was nominated for a National Book Award a few years ago for her story collection, *Other People's Lives*, is a writer of great power, and she has made Ezra Slavin a compelling character. Here the phrase "compelling character" isn't just a book-review cliché. Ezra's character literally *compelled* me to become involved with him, which is something I didn't want to do—because he's not a nice man. He's "a man of bellicosity," as *The New York Times* describes him (in *O My America!*, as in America itself, the media are a major force), and as he describes himself, "perhaps wicked." He's cruel to someone on almost every page. Suspiciously, I read along, wondering when Kaplan was going to give him a lovable moment or two or at least provide a few of those psychoanalytical insights which make the reader understand and therefore sympathize with villains in books. But she never compromises. Ezra remains detestable to the end of the book when, suddenly shocked, I realized that though I still hated him, I wanted *him* to like *me*. What's happened? Whatever it is that the author has given to Ezra, it works brilliantly—not only on an America that idolizes him ("Ez Slavin, author, critic, teacher, pacifist and fighter. Controversial all his life," intones the interviewer who devotes a pompous educational TV program to Ezra's life and thought); not only on the women he takes over; not only on the children he begets and then ignores; not only on his TV viewers, his readers, his students, but even on the reader of *O My America!*, someone who isn't even inside the book. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

P.S.1 opened as a workplace for artists, a grand hotel of studios, occupied on a rotating basis, but a gallery has been added. It is open in the afternoon, along with some of the studios, from Thursday to Sunday (call the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, (212) 784-2084, for details of access and travel). The Sunday that I went to see "Afro-American Abstraction," a recent exhibition at the gallery, I saw several artists, a couple of art magazine publishers and a dealer, as well as other familiar-looking types. P.S.1, in Long Island City, has deservedly been added to the art circuit.

The "Afro-American Abstraction" exhibition of nineteen artists, some affiliated with galleries and others not, could only be presented at an unaffiliated space like P.S.1's gallery. The show was selected by guest curator April Kingsley, who points out that black art, after a show of concern in the early 1970s, is again being neglected. While preparing articles for *The Village Voice* (September 11, 1978, and June 2, 1979), Kingsley discovered that black artists' contact with African culture seemed of increasing importance. William T. Williams, Edward Clark, Ellsworth Ausby, Jamillah Jennings and Melvin Edwards had all visited Africa and responded to it enthusiastically as their nostalgia took on solid form. Also, younger artists "were making explicit connections with African experience in their art even without having traveled to that continent." This is the subject of Kingsley's exhibition: the search for African content.

One of the most useful but rarely performed jobs of the critic or curator of contemporary art is to identify emerging trends and to give them shape by nam-

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ing them. Kingsley has done this admirably and the fact that I have reservations about the work does not lessen my regard for her percipience. She is the first to study thematically a new attitude toward blackness in the visual arts. The artists in this show in one way or another aim to evoke Africa as a myth, as a consolatory heritage compared to the complex and frustrating conditions of life in twentieth-century America. Edward Clark's art looks like routine field painting with its large size, bland paint handling and repetitive form (narrow horizontal bands in his case), but his color is supposed to emanate the light of Africa. William T. Williams's "The Taxi-Dancers (Untitled, Tale for Shango, Ashanti Walk and E-Flat Green)," a 20-foot-long calligraphic abstract painting, is linked by Kingsley to the artist's visits to Nigeria. But when black artists visit Africa, are they more than tourists, do they receive a seerlike access to the native culture by birthright? Can generations of American environment be short-circuited by a sense of instant heredity? Africa may well have changed the development of these artists, but it has not become a part of the verifiable content of their work.

In sculpture, the nostalgia for Africa is pronounced, as in Maren Hassinger's clumps of frayed wire, reminiscent of ceremonial hair braiding, or Barbara Chase-Riboud's elegant fetishes, somewhere between tribal evocation and personal cultivation. Consider "Gift," by Tyrone Mitchell, a long, low floor piece, a sequence of geometric forms that includes an opening onto the floor itself, revealing a scatter of stones. This adds a notion of *offering* to a structure of largely formal derivation. Even Martin Puryear's lean and decisive bent wood sculptures have a feigned anthropological look, somewhere between wooden grave markers and big jewelry.

Abstract art used to be valued as it approached concreteness, that is to say, as the work could be regarded as a thing in itself, not as the sign of something else. Confidence in the esthetic of concreteness has collapsed in the past fifteen years. The early struggle to achieve an art of clenched reality, invulnerable to the corruptions of time and history, has relaxed. Now there is no more than a formalist emphasis on technical matters and visual problems. Thus, the black abstract artist's notion of introducing impressions of Africa gains momentary credence, since we all want to go "beyond formalism." A similar move has been made by the proponents of central imagery in women's art, who also desire to animate the nonmimetic element of abstract art. Here concentric forms are supposed to act as body allusions. What Africa is to the black artist, sexual anatomy is to the centralizing woman artist. Whether it is biology or culture that provides the springboard, these artists are similar in their attempt to combine the syntax of abstract art with a primitivizing content.

The idea of Africanness was developed in the 1920s by W.E.B. Du Bois and Alain Locke, at which time it combined the sense of racial origin with political awareness. However, the work at P.S.1 is abstract and cannot present dissenting or sociologically informed themes with the clarity of the earlier representative artists. The new phase of blackness aims to go deep, but does so merely by a picturesque evocation of bits and pieces of tribal Africa. The artists feel driven beyond the soft definition of formalism now current, but rely on loose chains of association. Thus, they have picked up the emotionally exploitative potential of Abstract Expressionism and twisted it to new ends, but without any serious criticism of their predecessors. Neither black heritage nor the revision of abstract art seems furthered by "Afro-American Abstraction."

I exempt Melvin Edwards and Howardena Pindell from this criticism. Edwards's multi-part steel sculpture that moseys across the floor is a good example of the current loose-jointed style. And Pindell has also made the passage to Africa, though her work still shows her awareness of what is involved in an informed revision of abstract painting. She does not merely assert the concreteness of the work but penetrates the physical surface of the picture plane, reducing it to the tenuous materiality of literal particles of paper and sequins. Her canvases, consisting of loosely sewn strips, occupy the wall in terms of weight and gravity; at the same time, her color has an imagistic glow, implying subtle amplitudes of space. □

WOMAN ASLEEP ON A BANANA LEAF
(from a Japanese painting)

Who wouldn't want such a bed?
In the heat of the afternoon, in a private shade,
she has hidden herself away
like a long, translucent, emerald-spotted snake,
her skin a ripple, her spine
curved against the long green spine of this leaf.
Now let the ladies call from their silk pavilion
and let Lord X compare someone else's skin
to the petals of peonies and other
appropriate seasonal flowers.
She dreams of skin that is cool and green and secret.
When she wakes up she will be completely happy.

Katha Pollitt

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Sitting Ducks
The Left-Handed Woman
Eboli

Henry Jaglom's *Tracks*, the most modest and, to my mind, the most effective of the Vietnam movies (reviewed here March 17, 1979), focused on Dennis Hopper in the role of a combat-disoriented G.I. who is escorting the corpse of a comrade across the American continent for burial on the East Coast. It is a dismaying insight into a mind so jarred by horror that time and place are no longer reliable points of reference. The vertigo induced by the journey is intensified by one's growing realization that the soldier's companions on the train, for the most part readily identifiable American types, are themselves behaving more than oddly—whether in fact or in the veteran's skewed vision it is not always possible to say.

Two of the memorable performers in that supporting cast were Michael Emil and Zack Norman, and for them Jaglom

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has now written a picture, *Sitting Ducks*, that exploits their gift for carrying eccentricity to the point where the ground of sanity begins to heave. The plot involves bilking a New York gambling syndicate—an unseen but by definition baleful group—of one day's take and with this vast sum fleeing to a life of cool drinks by the poolside and the company of girls in bikinis. But comic capers of this sort are no great novelty and, beyond making certain that it was absurd, Jaglom took no great pains with his. What matters in *Sitting Ducks* is the company that speeds south to escape the wind of Mafia wrath.

Initially, there are just the two of them, Simon (Emil) and Sidney (Norman), a sadly mismatched pair for a desperate errand. Simon is an accountant; indeed, he is the mob's errant bookkeeper. He is a compulsive worrier and so meticulous that he delays a departure that should be abrupt until he has recorded the tally of each packet of stolen bills in his pocket ledger. Sidney, a creature of impulses, is astonished and exhilarated by the brilliance of his own schemes, the agility with which he skirts catastrophe and the inability of any man, and especially any woman, to resist his charm. These colleagues are alike only in their conviction that civilization has achieved its finest expression in motels whose waiters wear red jackets.

They arrive at one of these in their chauffeured car (Sidney has acquired the driver at a gas stop somewhere along the New Jersey Turnpike) and there encounter Jenny (Patrice Townsend), a girl of breathtaking physique and a frankness of address that would make the charge of boldness irrelevant. Sidney appropriates her, he thinks, by gallantry, though she has a grin that might trouble a less confident man. A little further down the road Leona (Irene Forrest) joins the party; she is a young woman much perplexed by the need to fulfill herself and is drawn to Simon by his encyclopedic knowledge of vitamins and his therapeutic approach to sex. There ensues a fugue of bedroom encounters in three-two time, the chauffeur, named Moose (Richard Romanus), taking his manly part. In shifting combinations, the members of the quintet invite each other to "have sex," a truly extraordinary locution that strips the activity to the essence of impersonality, and which these travelers pronounce in a tone made familiar by the expression "Have a nice day."

These, then, are the companions on the journey to ill-got ease in the sun, and it is perhaps clear that they are a heedless and bawdy lot. But the important thing about them is that, while on the surface they seem only too familiar, there is something very strange about them. To be sure, they are vulgar and randy, and whether you smile or sneer depends on your own disposition, but somewhere along the way it will probably occur to you that Jaglom is up to more than giving burlesque a new lease on life. These so human characters are really not quite human at all; they might well be aliens, carefully schooled in the foibles of humanity, but not yet practiced in their execution.

Carrying on from the fractured reality of *Tracks*, Jaglom pushes a few conspicuous American types beyond the extreme of probability, forcing them to make a kind of genetic jump. Perhaps this is science fiction; perhaps Simon and Sidney, Jenny, Leona and Moose are changelings, successors to Homo sapiens in an overcrowded, hyperpressured world. It is an intriguing thought, but I don't press it very hard—except to suggest that *Sitting Ducks* is hilarious in a special way.

The Left-Handed Woman is best calculated to please those who admire the paintings of Andrew Wyeth. I do not assert this on my own authority—Peter Handke, the director, has said that in preparation for the film, he and his cameraman, Robby Müller, "pored over" Wyeth's work and that the dress and shoes worn by Edith Clever in the title role are derived from "Christina's World," the artist's most celebrated canvas. The movie evokes the sensation of expectant inanition against a background of magic realism that Wyeth has exploited with such popular success.

This picture is the first that Handke has directed, but in Germany he is well established as a playwright and novelist, and he is known here as the scriptwriter of Wim Wender's *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick* and *The Wrong Move*. The screenplay for *The Goalie's Anxiety* was derived from his novel of that name; in the case of *The Left-Handed Woman*, he wrote a novel from the screenplay.

The new work continues his preoccupation with alienation, the inability to relate. The woman (she is given no name, perhaps to suggest that she exemplifies a malaise endemic to her sex) is the wife of a German businessman sta-

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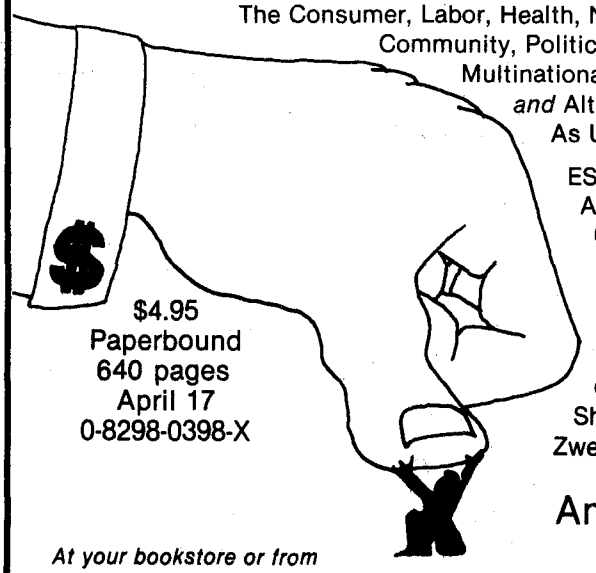

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tioned in Paris. They live on the outskirts of the city, in an area distinguished by the steepness of the streets, the excellence of the panorama and the absence of pedestrians. The woman spends much of her time walking nowhere in particular with a long stride. When her husband (Bruno Ganz) returns from an extended trip abroad, she receives him with a total lack of response and asks him to move out, no reason being given except that she prefers to live alone with her preteen-age son (Markus Mühleisen).

And that, zombielike, she proceeds to do. A school-teaching friend congratulates her on achieving independence by isolation; a publisher for whom she had worked in the past calls on her, bringing flowers and a copy of Flaubert's *A Simple Heart* to translate. He stays the evening, putting on a highly esthetic show (much pressing of wrist to brow) of unrequited passion. The woman's father journeys all the way from Germany to offer his opinion that she is likely to decline into a lonely old age; an unemployed actor (Rüdiger Vogler, who plays Wilhelm Meister in *The Wrong Move*) takes to following her around, sheepishly. At the end, these and other members of the cast gather in the woman's living room where, since they are given nothing to do, they resemble a group of actors waiting for a rehearsal to begin. After a time they wander off, the rehearsal having been canceled. A line of type appears on the screen: "Have you noticed there's only room for those who make room for themselves?" Well, no, I hadn't.

The Left-Handed Woman is a profoundly solemn picture—laughably so. I was aware that the sets, both interiors and exteriors, had been composed with impeccable taste, but that is like commending a novel for the elegance of its typography. The school of German film makers to which Handke belongs is convinced that emotional catalepsy is a promising dramatic theme. I think not.

In a "Letter from Rome" to *The New York Times Book Review* (March 9) Frank MacShane remarks that Bertolucci's *1900*, Olmi's *The Tree of Wooden Shoes* and Francesco Rosi's version of Carlo Levi's "famous novel," *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, have proved popular because of "their nostalgic portrayal of a simple rural past combined with a just desire for change [that] is comforting and understandable compared to the terrorism of today's political extremists."

That is certainly true of Rosi's *Eboli*, a gently melancholy film set in a beautiful village in the remote southern province of Lucania. But it is "comforting" only because it fails to see what shocked, saddened and angered Levi during the year of political exile (1935) that he spent in the desolate village of Gagliono. His chronicle of that year (it is *not* a novel) does not record a simple rural life; it depicts a community enduring in outer darkness. Nor did he believe that any "just social change" was in store for Gagliono. *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, for all its moments of assuaging human contact, is a despairing book.

The film is lyric. One sees Levi (Gian Maria Volonte) strolling up and down the steep streets of the village, chatting in the old square with the handful of gentry, tending as best he can the ills of the peasants (Levi had studied medicine), playing with the tumbling children (malaria is mentioned, but its effects are unseen), painting the dramatic landscape (Levi was also an artist), accompanied everywhere by his delightful dog. His exile seems almost a holiday; one envies him the year spent in such surroundings and among these poor and ignorant but strong, industrious and often crotchety types.

It is as MacShane says, a past as legendary as our Wild West. Such trips to nostalgia are common enough on the screen, and this is an uncommonly pretty one. But I wish Rosi had found another source, and not turned Carlo Levi's bleak, unsparing classic of brute endurance into a fairy tale. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC

NAT HENTOFF

While there are still fastnesses of *macho* conviction in jazz ("Chicks can't swing, man"), most players, especially the younger ones, are being persuaded otherwise. Meanwhile, the Women's Jazz Festival—which recently held its third annual rites of spring in Kansas City—keeps demonstrating that chicks can not only sing jazz and play it on the piano but on all the horns as well. Among the participants this year, for instance, were the Ohio State Women's Jazz Ensemble and, from North Texas State University, the Yes M.A.A.M. (Musicians Ain't Always Men) Band.

The festival has also issued its newest *National Directory of Female Jazz Performers* ($2.50 from Diane Gregg and Carol Comer, Women's Jazz Festival, P.O. Box 22321, Kansas City, Missouri, 64113). The musicians, with brief bios, addresses and phone numbers, are listed by state. Club owners can no longer say, "I might hire one of them women players if I knew where to find one." Having all those names and credits in one place, moreover, should encourage those apprentice women swingers who may still feel rather isolated in jazz country.

Perspectives on the history of the music are also changing. Nearly all the archivists in charge of jazz reissues have been male, but now Rosetta Reitz has set up her own label, Rosetta Records. Naturally, its first releases are called the "Women's Heritage Series." (Rosetta Records, 115 West 16th Street, New York, New York, 10011. $7.98 in stores or the same price, postpaid, from the above address.)

Of the first two albums, *Sorry But I Can't Take You/Women's Railroad Blues* (RR 1301) is especially intriguing. As Reitz points out in the liner notes, we're mostly familiar with those train songs in blues literature that reflect the motivations and ambivalences of black *men* who took the overground railroad to leave Jim Crow (they thought) and find jobs up North. But what of the women they left behind? And those other women, like in "The L&N Blues" ("I'm a ramblin' woman, I've got a ramblin' mind/I'm a ramblin' woman, I've got a ramblin' mind/I'm gonna buy me a ticket and ease down the line")?

In fifteen train blues, such vibrantly stubborn storytellers as Bessie Smith, Chippie Hill, Suppie Wallace, Blue Lou Barker and Sister Rosetta Tharpe provide a multidimensional account of what it was like, both in the South and the North, for certain black women in the 1920s. On the one hand, there is Clara Smith's "Freight Train Blues" ("When a woman gets the blues, she goes to her room and hides/When a woman gets the blues, she goes to her room and hides/When a man gets the blues, he catch the freight train and rides"). But then some of the women who did their own riding found no

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promised land in the big cities. And so, in "Railroad Blues," Trixie Smith (backed by Louis Armstrong) sings: "I've got the railroad blues, I want to see my home town/I've got the railroad blues, I want to see my home town/And if the people don't fret, I'm Alabama bound."

Another Rosetta Reitz compilation, *Mean Mothers/Independent Women's Blues, Volume One* (RR 1300) focuses on what vintage blues have to tell about strong women rather than the discarded females who figure in some of the more familiar blues. Mary Dixon, for instance, in "You Can't Sleep in My Bed": "You're too big to be cute/And I don't think you are clean/You're the darndest looking thing/That I've ever seen/You'd better be gone when my man comes in/Stop shakin' your tail 'cause I don't know where you've been."

In another illustration of how not only men make performance demands in the blues, Ida Cox, in the previously unissued "One Hour Mama," declares: "I'm a one-hour mama, so no one-minute papa/Ain't the kind of man for me/Set your alarm clock, papa, one hour that's proper/Then love me like I like to be/ . . . I may want love for one hour/Then decide to make it two/Takes an hour before I get started/Maybe three before I'm through."

The singers are a matriarchy of black, blues-based expression. Among them, Gladys Bentley (whose voice could turn into a most compelling growl-trumpet), Bertha Idaho, Lil Green and, on the last track, Billie Holiday saying what she found so hard to follow through on in her nonmusical life: "Don't want no trouble/I've got to be the boss/And if you can't play it my way/Well, now, baby, get lost."

Coming attractions on the Rosetta label are: *Piano Singers' Blues (Women Accompany Themselves)* and *Red White & Blues (Women Sing of America)*.

Also underway is the first history of women in jazz, by Marian McPartland, who has been researching the book while on her piano-playing gigs around the country, tracing down and interviewing such swinging pioneers as the survivors of the Original International Sweethearts of Rhythm, one of the hottest of the big bands in the late 1930s and early 1940s. A remaining, nearly all-male bastion, however, is that of jazz criticism. But not for long, I expect. □

Norman Birnbaum, Blair Clark, Ramsey Clark, Fred Cook, Terrence Des Pres, E.L. Doctorow, Richard Falk, Jules Feiffer, Tom Ferguson & Joel Rogers, Frances FitzGerald, James Goodman & Dorothy Samuels, Philip Green, Christopher Hitchens, Leonard Kriegel, Robert Lekachman, Penny Lernoux, Sanford Levinson, Carey McWilliams, Aryeh Neier, Marcel Ophuls, Nora Sayre, Robert Sherrill, Calvin Trillin, Kurt Vonnegut, Alan Wolfe **write it.**

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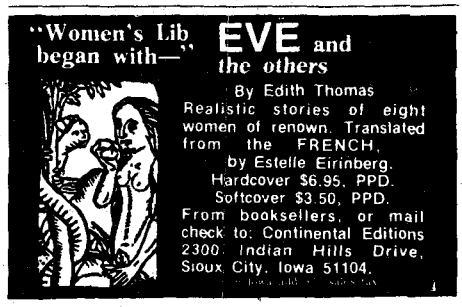
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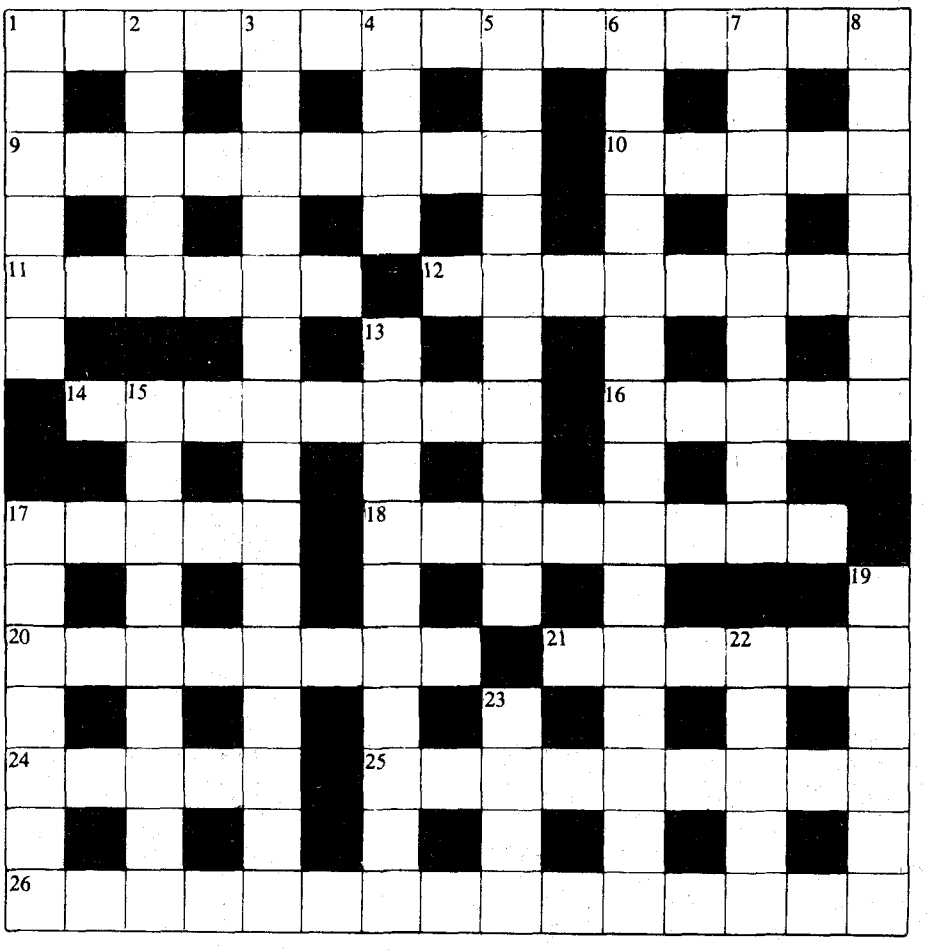
X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 1816

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 One might have to do so for the Customs official, which is easily demonstrated. (4,3,4,4)
9 Feature articles, if true, approach the truth head-on. (4,5)
10 Possibly eager to go along. (5)
11 It's difficult to take it in quietly, unless stewed! (6)
12 Public knowledge is so like the old listening-dog label. (2,6)
14 One might anticipate firing as a result of his work. (8)
16 A dry pad might be. (5)
17 Wheeled up to the circle where one might expect someone to throw the bull. (5)
18 Rather unusual as tropic fruits. (8)
20 What's the matter with Matthew, Luke and John? (That's what one does to boundaries at times.) (5,3)
21 There's a point in the marble being on your father's side. (6)
24 Looks like just any old revolutionary's weapon, but awesome with a capital A! (1-4)
25 How a leather jacket might end its decoration violates the rule. (9)
26 Gay production, the modern version being worth only a few cents. (3,7,5)

DOWN

1 What Eliza hoped to get at the business establishment? (6)
2 Might soundly be represented by ten-fifty, but you'll have to do better! (5)
3 One can't continue going here! (2,3,2,8)
4 By the sound of it, avoided the canal. (4)
5 Possibly signs of things on the rack. (3,3,4)
6 One hopes to go unspotted if one does. (6,9)
7 With a shuffle in poker, I act like this, but you might not like to hit one. (3-6)
8 Changed something, perhaps, with me upended. (7)
13 Possibly said to be over a controversial issue, setting things right. (10)
15 Rare forms need round letters. (9)
17 Batter constituent should be a strong position. (7)
19 In praise of old Iran? (6)
22 One doesn't 10 if one continues to do so. (5)
23 A long way off, as the better thing associated with Carton. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1815

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Compleat Angler; 10 Mulct; 11 Epileptic; 12 Ontario; 13 Aileron; 14 Stance; 15 Restful; 18 Resorts; 21 Tidied; 24 Pointer; 26 Eurasia; 27 Read in bed; 28 Inapt; 29 Yokels; 30 Pea-green. DOWN: 1 and 17 Common property; 2 Militates; 3 Lateran; 4 Anemone; 7 Liter; 8 Recently; 9 Mid-air; 16 Free state; 19 Retrial; 20 Scribe; 21 Treadle; 22 and 6 down Darning needles; 25 and 23 Isaak Walton.

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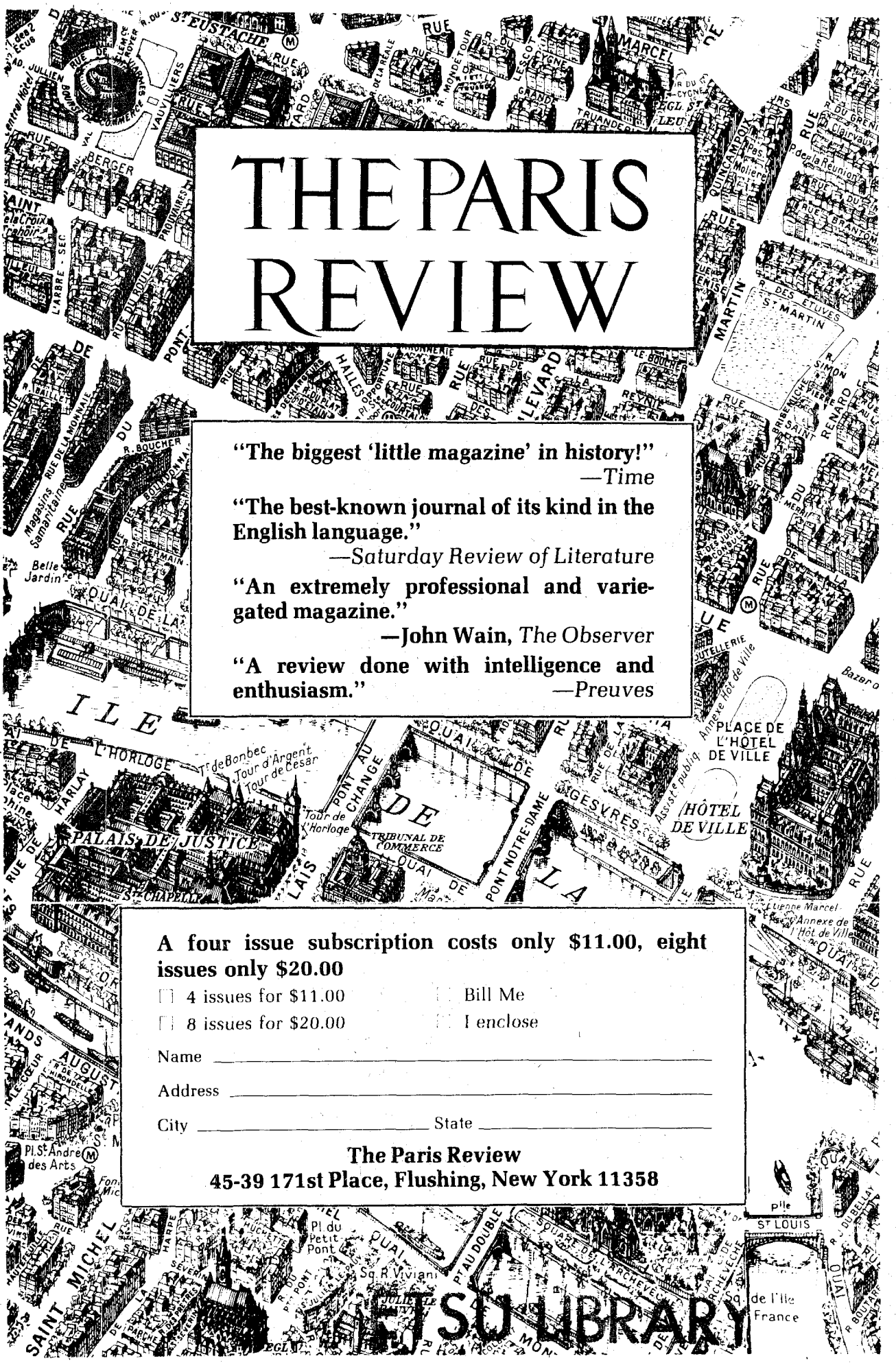
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